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*"I have gathered me a garland of other men's flowers, and nothing . . .
... but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne*

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To those of our readers interested in "a bit of fiction" we recommend the magazine, *Short Stories*, for February. The number is particularly strong. The periodical is now getting fairly into the swing of its development, and we can promise a brilliant and interesting programme for the year. One of the new features will be the collection and reprinting of the famous short stories of the world—a choice selection in each number. The January issue contains *The Pope's Mule*, by Daudet; the February number *The Black Cat*, by Poe; and the March selection will be *The Goblin Barber*, by Johann Masäus. *Short Stories* will be found a valuable supplement to *CURRENT LITERATURE*, and both periodicals, with nearly four thousand pages of the cream of literary thought and production, will come to any address for a five dollar bill.

Is Verse in Danger....Edmund Gosse....From The Forum

It is usually said, in hasty generalization, that the poetry of the present age is unique in the extreme refinement of its exterior mechanism. Those who say this are not aware that the great poets whose virile simplicity and robust carelessness of detail they applaud—thus building tombs to prophets whom they have never worshiped—have, almost without exception, been scrupulously attentive to form. No modern writer has been so learned in rhythm as Milton, so faultless in rhyme-arrangement as Spenser. But what is true is that a care for form and a considerable skill in the technical art of verse have been acquired by writers of a lower order, and that this sort of perfection is no longer the hall mark of a great master. We may expect it, therefore, to attract less attention in the future; and although, assuredly, the bastard jargon of Walt Whitman, and kindred returns to sheer barbarism, will not be

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accepted, technical perfection will more and more be taken as a matter of course, as a portion of the poet's training which shall be as indispensable, and as little worthy of notice, as that a musician should read his notes correctly. The fact is certain that nothing is more obsolete than educational verse, the literary product which deliberately supplies information. We may see another Sappho; it is even conceivable that we might see another Homer; but a new Hesiod, never. Knowledge has grown to be far too complex, exact, and minute to be impressed upon the memory by the artifice of rhyme; and poetry had scarcely passed its infancy before it discovered that to stimulate, to impassion, to amuse, were the proper duties of an art which appeals to the emotions, and to the emotions only. The curious attempts, then, which have been made by poets of no mean talent to dedicate their verse to botany, to the Darwinian hypothesis, to the loves of the fossils, and to astronomical science, are not likely to be repeated, and, if they should be repeated, they would scarcely attract much popular attention. Nor is the epic, on a large scale—that noble and cumbersome edifice, with all its blank windows and corridors that lead to nothing—a species of poetic architecture which the immediate future can be expected to indulge in. Leaving the negative for the positive, then, we may fancy that one or two probabilities loom before us. Poetry, if it exist at all, will deal, and probably to a greater degree than ever before, with those more frail and ephemeral shades of emotion which prose scarcely ventures to describe. The existence of a delicately-organized human being is diversified by divisions and revolutions of sensation, ill-defined desires, gleams of intuition, and the whole gamut of spiritual notes descending from exultation to despair, none of which have ever been adequately treated except in the hieratic language of poetry. The most realistic novel, the closest psychological analysis in prose, does no more than skim the surface of the soul; verse has the privilege of descending into its depths. In the future, lyrical poetry will probably grow less trivial and less conventional, at the risk of being less popular. It will interpret what prose dares not suggest. It will penetrate further into the complexity of human sensation, and, untroubled by the necessity of formulating a creed, a theory, or a story, will describe with delicate accuracy, and under a veil of artistic beauty, the amazing, the unfamiliar,

and even the portentous phenomena which it encounters. The social revolution or evolution which most sensible people are now convinced is imminent, will surely require a species of poetry to accompany its course and to celebrate its triumphs. If we could foresee what form this species will take, we should know all things. But we must believe that it will be democratic, and that to a degree at present unimaginable. The aristocratic tradition is still paramount in all art. Kings, princesses, and the symbols of chivalry are as essential to poetry, as we now conceive it, as roses, stars, or nightingales. It is difficult to understand what will be left if this romantic phraseology is destroyed, but it is still more difficult to believe that it can survive a complete social revolution. The modern interest in the drama, and the ever-growing desire to see literature once more wedded to the stage, will certainly lead to a revival of dramatic poetry. Probably the puritanic limitations which have so long cramped the English theatre will be removed, and British plays, while remaining civilized and decent, will once more deal with the realities of life and not with its conventions.

The Man and the Book....An Author's View....I. E. O....N. Y. Tribune

"Book, the common name for any literary production of bulk," is a definition which appears in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, and which is entirely correct, albeit to many minds it may seem strange. There is a too wide notion that a book is a fabric of paper and printer's ink, produced by a man called a publisher, through the agency of various mechanical devices. It contains, it is true, more or less incidentally, the legible expression of certain ideas and facts, supposed to be prepared for publication by an obscure person, called an author, who receives a certain remuneration from the publisher for so doing. But the paper and ink and boards and muslin form the book; and the man who makes and puts them together is the maker of the book; and his rights and his interests, which are altogether obvious and tangible, are to receive primary consideration in every respect in which the book is concerned. It is this false conception of the nature of books and the identity of their makers that has filled the copyright discussion with confusion worse confounded. A book, says our encyclopædia truly, is a literary production. It matters not in what form it be produced; whether legible

to the reader, or audible to the hearer, or tangible to the finger tips of the blind. Thoughts, ideas, facts, compose the book, not paper and ink. For the volume exists because of the printed pages, and these because of the words they bear, and these again because of the ideas they express. But the ideas exist for their own sake; they have no anterior cause. They form the book, and the man who conceives them and arranges them coherently is the maker of the book; he, and no other. The *Iliad* was just as real and actual a literary production when it existed only in the memories and on the tongues of a few wandering minstrels as it is now in its hundred translations, thousand editions and million volumes, and Homer was as much an author then as now. It is the author who makes the book, and the translator, transcriber, printer, publisher, seller, and all others who have to do with its reduplication and circulation are nothing in the world but his agents, or middlemen between him, the producer, and the public, who are the users or consumers of the book. This fundamental fact should be well kept in mind, because in current copyright discussions we hear a vast deal about the publisher and comparatively little about the author. What should be understood, then, as explicitly and as emphatically as possible is that copyright is for the author, first, last and all the time. His rights are to be protected, his interests are to be cherished, his labor to be rewarded. The issue lies between him and the public, and between them alone. No middleman, whatever be his special line of business, has any right to meddle or to interfere. And if it be asked, what of the rights and interests of the publisher? I answer that he has none, beyond the common laws of trade, except such as he may derive, as an agent, from his principal, the author. With this point fixed, let us see in greater detail what are the relations between the author, who makes the books, and the public, who use them. I need scarcely discuss here the question of property right. I take it as granted that all right-thinking folk believe, with Landor, that "no property is so entirely and purely and religiously a man's own as what comes to him immediately from God, without intervention or participation." Since, then, it is conceded that a book is property,—a book as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* defines it, mind you, and not merely so many ounces of paper and ink,—what follows? First, that its owner, the author, has a right to control

it as he will. The author, as an industrial producer, occupies a peculiarly independent position. He can produce books or not, as he pleases, with no regard whatever to others. The stopping of his intellectual activity is not to be compared with closing a mine or shutting down a mill. It does not throw employes out of work nor disturb the progress of trade. His mind and its activities are compassed entirely by his own individuality and his own interests and by no one's else. And if he is free to produce books or not, he is equally free to publish them or not after he has produced them. It is beyond all possible potency of human legislation to decree that, having conceived a precious thought, a man shall forthwith put it on paper and give it to the world; he may keep it locked within his mind, for his own delectation, and let it perish with him when he dies—if thoughts and minds can perish—and the world is powerless to command him otherwise. So we come to yet another natural right of the author, the right—having produced a book and having decided to publish it—to choose and to control the time, place, means, manner and scope of the publication, to determine who shall be his agent for making copies, and how many copies shall be made, and at what price they shall be sold. This right is what we mean by copyright; a right as firmly grounded in natural law, and morals, and common sense, and justice, as the right of a man to plant and cultivate and dig potatoes, and take them to market and sell them as he pleases. The object of copyright legislation is to protect the author in this right, as the potato-grower is protected in his rights by the common law. And the object of this protection is, just as in the case of the potato-grower, to enable the author to secure remuneration for his work. Not that the author is thus to get his sole, or adequate, remuneration. "Literary production," says Matthew Arnold, "wherever it is sound, is its own exceeding great reward," which is not only a great truth, but a greatly misunderstood and misused truth. It indicates that the value of good literary work is so high that it cannot be paid for fully in dollars and cents, and therefore provision has been made for a certain spiritual reward. But because we cannot pay a debt in full, shall we not therefore pay as much as we can? Because we cannot express gratitude commensurate with the benefit received, are we therefore to utter no word of thanks? And because the

author receives this spiritual reward—which is not in the infinitesimal degree to be credited to us, and which, moreover, in its appropriate measure every faithful workman of whatever kind unfailingly receives—shall we therefore withhold from him the minor pecuniary compensation which is his due? Or ought we not, for that very reason, to make this latter compensation as large and render it as willingly as possible, seeing that after it is made we shall still perpetually be debtors to the author? For does not the very fact that the author receives this spiritual reward demonstrate all the more the worth of his work and make it all the more incumbent upon us to pay him for it as handsomely as we can? It will never do, you see, to say that he should be content with the spiritual reward. We might just as well say the same to the painter, or the architect, or the engineer, that their “production, wherever it is sound, is its own exceeding great reward”—which it is—and that they must be content with that reward alone. We might enunciate as a universal principle that “Labor is its own reward,” and therefore no workman is to ask for wages. I do not think that any man who toils, not even one of those misguided souls who deny the reality of literary property, is prepared to adopt such a law. Even an Anarchist would prefer that other and older doctrine, “The laborer is worthy of his hire.” The next step naturally is to determine how much and for how long a time the author is to be paid. The amount of his profits must be determined by the common laws of trade. He is a producer. He puts his wares upon the market. If they be of little worth they will have few purchasers, and his profits will be small or none. If they be of great worth, many will buy, and his profits will be great. In other words, the worth of the wares will fix the profits. But if the author should ask an exorbitant price for his book? The author will set upon his books the lowest price consistent with the yielding of a reasonable profit, because he knows that thus his book will secure the widest circulation and the widest influence, and he himself the largest profits and the largest fame. In respect, however, to the length of time during which the author's rights are to be maintained, more needs to be said. For, strange to say, this is the very point on which the densest error prevails and the grossest injustice is done. Property rights, as a rule, are in a way perpetual. Houses and lands and money and jewels are handed down

from generation to generation, and no one ever thinks of doubting that the latest heir's title to them is as valid as that of the first testator. Indeed, the longer the property is thus held the stronger become the holder's rights with respect to it. But with the most absolute form of property, to wit, literary productions, the reverse is true. The Constitution of the United States proclaims this fact when it authorizes the Congress "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." I do not find elsewhere in that august document any other property-rights restricted to "limited times;" but I suppose that due reverence for the Fathers of the Constitution demands that we accept this singular discrimination against intellectual productiveness as a bit of pure and hallowed statesmanship. Yet suppose that they had decreed to promote the progress of agriculture by securing, "for limited times" to farmers and their descendants the exclusive right to their respective farms! Or suppose that the Congress had been directed to promote the progress of manufactures by securing, "for limited times," to manufacturers and their descendants the exclusive right to their respective mills! Let us, however, be just to the Fathers. They lived and acted according to their light. In those days human slavery was reckoned a Divine institution, and orthodox clergymen sold rum at retail to their church members in their own parsonages. It was quite fitting, under that code of ethics, that literary property-rights should be restricted to "limited times." But why should this one relic of barbarism linger with us so long after the others have been swept away? For there stands that phrase, "for limited times," in the Constitution of to-day; and there on the statute book stands the copyright law, which declares that, after a man has enjoyed possession of his property for forty-two years it shall be no longer his, but all the world shall be free to seize upon it. Other nations, some of them less enlightened than we claim to be, do better far than this. Indeed, few if any do so badly. Switzerland grants copyright for the lifetime of the author and thirty years more, and Germany and Austria do the same. Italy grants it for life and forty years more, and then allows the author's heirs a royalty of five per cent. on all copies published for yet another forty years. France, Hungary, Belgium and Russia grant it for life and fifty years;

Spain, for life and eighty years; and the Mexicans, Guatemalans and Venezuelans, upon whom we look with patronizing pity, decree that copyright, like all other property rights, shall be perpetual. The relations between the author and the public, are the only relations that have a proper bearing upon the question of copyright. The author and the public are the only principals in the case. The printer and seller of the books is merely a second, an agent, a middleman. His relations to the author are—or, should be—those of a factor to an employer. If he do his work well, if he print and bind the book correctly, and if he prove himself diligent in pushing the sales thereof, the author will naturally extend to him his continued patronage. Otherwise, he will be dismissed as an unfaithful servant. Between the publisher and the public no special relations are to be recognized, other than those that exist between other manufacturers and the public. It is well, under the American system, that the tariff should afford the book manufacturers protection against foreign competition, if such protection be needed, just as it affords protection to the manufacturer of cotton cloth or iron rails. And he should, of course, be protected in his rights as agent or assignee of the author, just as any other agent or assignee is protected. But the key of the whole situation lies between the author and the public. Year by year the recognition of this fact is growing clearer. National copyright, under the Constitution, was a great advance over copyright by States. International copyright, now on the verge of adoption—after a fashion—is another important step. But the intellectual life of the Nation will not enjoy its deserts, and our law books will not do justice to libraries, until copyright is replaced by title deeds, until the "limited times" vanish from the Constitution, until books are brought beneath the ægis of the common law, and until the author's full property rights in his productions are recognized as absolute, inalienable, and perpetual.

Literature as a Profession....From the New Orleans Picayune

The remunerativeness of authorship has recently been made a subject of direct personal inquiry. A number of the most successful writers of this country have been questioned, and have answered frankly enough. If we could admit that the jury so composed were competent to render a conclusive verdict, we would infer that literature supports, but that, with

very rare exceptions, it does not enrich those who adopt it as a profession. As much may be said of law, medicine and commerce. But the personal experience of a few successful and famous men does not suffice to settle a question which depends also upon the experience of many unknown and unsuccessful writers. One of the leading magazines of the United States announced that some nine thousand manuscripts had been submitted to it for publication, and that it had accepted only four hundred out of that number. The editor considerably added that the eight thousand and six hundred manuscripts which were returned to their authors were not all rejected because they lacked merit, and that the ratio of accepted articles was so small only because his magazine could find room for no more. He was surprised, indeed, to discover that there was so much literary talent of a high order in the country, and he was convinced that there had been a decided advance in that respect of late years. This assurance must be gratifying to all patriotic Americans; but it must be somewhat discouraging to the literary aspirant to learn that so many flowers are, from the necessity of the case, born to blush unseen. It may be said that a career in literature is not dependent upon the slender chance of admission to the pages of any one of the six or eight first-class monthlies published in the United States. Mark Twain, for instance, is not indebted to the magazines for either his popularity or his wealth. Hawthorne, Motley, Bancroft, Cooper achieved distinction without the *éclat* of that sort of introduction. But, after all, it remains sadly true that book making is a very precarious business, and no one would be wise to depend upon it for a livelihood without the advantage of a distinction already achieved in literature, or a renown acquired in some other field. General Grant's book sells because he wrote it. Stanley's book sells because his several expeditions into and across the Dark Continent have captured the imagination and excited the interest of all classes of men. The literary man, pure and simple, depending wholly upon the excellence of his work as literature, appeals to the public with a far less encouraging prospect of recognition. If he is altogether unknown he will find it difficult to get his book published, unless he is able to advance a considerable part of the cost. If he gets it published at the usual rate he will be paid ten per cent. on the gross receipts, and when we remember

how few and small the average editions are, we are not likely to take a very cheerful view of that particular road to fortune. Out of the sixty and more millions of people in the United States, there are thousands of obscure but ambitious writers who are struggling without material reward, and who will die unrequited by popular recognition. Fortunately, it is not necessary that every lover of literature should write. It is not even altogether necessary to the enjoyment of authorship that he who writes should publish. Thomas Wentworth Higginson quotes from this point from the diary of Thoreau, where, "after describing the process of carrying up-stairs, on his back, seven hundred unsold copies, out of one thousand copies printed, of his *Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, he adds: 'Nevertheless, in spite of this result, sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen to-night to record what thought or experience I may have had, with as much satisfaction as ever.'" Thoreau was like the gentleman who explained his habit of talking to himself by saying that he liked to talk to a sensible man, and liked to hear a sensible man talk. A certain lecturer in Athens once delivered himself to such effect that his audience dwindled down to a single hearer, and he was about to close; but discovering that his solitary auditor was Plato, he took heart and continued. A select audience is always a compliment, but it may be too small to make the pot boil. In the whole history of the country there have not been as many as three men who supported themselves by writing poetry. What then? Shall we say that poetry is not worth writing because it is not adequately compensated in money? Fiction, when it is up to the magazine standard, or when it pleases the world-reading masses, despite the critic's frown, pays, and it is almost the only form of literature that does yield a return at all proportionate to the time, labor and talent requisite. Works of history, science and philosophy demand long years of preparation, and their circulation is limited to the little world of culture. We owe most to the men of letters who labor with the slightest hope of reward.

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Writing to virtually this same subject, but under the more realistic title of *The Novelists' Trade*, Mr. Grant Allen in *The London Speaker* thus sums up the English authors' situation: He begins by praising the art of construction and the art of

presentation of Guy de Maupassant. "His style is well-nigh perfect, he knows his trade," says Mr. Allen. But is it so certain, on the other hand, that the English novelist, because he isn't a De Maupassant, or a Daudet, or a Bourget, is therefore ignorant of his own trade under its own conditions? I trow not; and I'm going to defend the British novelist from this cruel imputation—in a way that I know will make the British novelist's flesh creep; will rouse him to come forth in his thousands on the war path and scarify me. But, in spite of torture, I will natheless tell the simple truth. The British novelist knows his trade thoroughly. He knows it down to the ground. He knows it as well as any other artificer. And it is just because he knows it that he is not a De Maupassant. For the British novelist is in point of fact a most cautious tradesman. He is a journeyman laborer who works for Mr. Mudie. The divine and impassive laws of supply and demand regulate his output just as truly as they regulate the output of the shoemaker. The public requires of the novelist a particular kind of literary ware; and the novelist makes haste to supply it, according to pattern. The public buys what books it likes, and what books it wants. Producers may go on producing high class works of art, against the public taste, till all's blue; if the public doesn't want them, the public will leave them, and producers may starve at their leisure, if they will, in their own high-art garrets. It is unreasonable, therefore—nay, more, untradesmanlike—to blame the British novelist for not turning out masterpieces of consummate finish and exquisite workmanship. The plain truth is his public doesn't want them. What he has to do is rather to fling his book point-blank at the head of Mr. Mudie's erubescant young person. He moves even in fetters, supplied him by girls from eighteen to thirty. That temple of the Mudies, whereof I spoke anon, is indeed a Parthenon. The last thing on earth our novelist would ever dream of doing is "trusting the intuitions of his own genius," and writing the sort of book he would really like to write. I suspect one such attempt would spoil any popular favorite's market forever. Why is it otherwise in France? Well, for many reasons. Above all, he addresses, not a local audience, but the cultivated world; his clients are scattered about over Europe and America; they have taste enough to appreciate the delicacy of his workmanship, and

sympathy enough to encourage him by their criticism to the putting forth in their full of his own highest powers. Of course an Englishman, if he had the genius—and I suppose even Mr. Frederic Harrison would admit there may be genius still in the land of Shakespeare and Milton, of Scott and Shelley, of Thackeray and Meredith—of course an Englishman could do the same thing if only he cared to do so. But nobody would read him. His book would fall flat as a pan-cake, at Mr. Mudie's. So he writes, instead, what he feels sure will pay; and for a very good reason—because he knows his business.

The French Academy....The Forty Immortals....New York Evening Sun

The election of Minister de Freycinet to a chair in the French Academy, a distinction long looked upon as a recognition of literary eminence, is likely to be received in France with some derision. It has been said of the Academy that "court intrigue, rank and finesse have too often prevailed over real merit and honesty." Daudet, in the recent book, *The Immortal*, has said there are three doors to the Academy, that of talents, of rank, and of station. That work is an exposition of the kind of finesse sometimes resorted to. The aspiring author is seen courting not only the Academicians, but their wives; and the wife of one aged member reminds him of a "mot" of his own: "You said that my caps smelt of tobacco smoke although you never smoked—a witticism, my dear, that brought you more fame than ever your books have." This was an instance of the wife of an aspiring author courting the Academicians. If M. de Freycinet, Minister of Foreign Affairs and of War, nicknamed "the little white mouse," has specially distinguished himself in the field of letters, that fact is not generally known to the exterior world. In fact, his election may safely be taken as another instance in which exalted station has proved the sufficient qualification. Away back in 1629 a group of literary friends at Paris adopted a practice of meeting weekly at a house of one of them. Mostly they talked, but when one had written anything, he read it and it was discussed. The proceeding came to the ears of Cardinal Richelieu, who offered them a charter they dared not decline. The charter members numbered eight; the total number was limited to forty. This number was not filled for nearly ten years. The French have a saying for a man of great powers that he is

"strong as four," which has been applied in a sinister sense to the Academicians: "They are forty, and they are strong as four." Their nickname, "the Immortals," has also an agreeable flavor of irony. Thus the French Academy preceded by nearly an hundred years that of Spain, which was founded next. By the terms of its charter it was pledged to compose a dictionary, a grammar, a treatise on rhetoric and one on poetry. The purpose of the Academy was declared to be "to give rules to the language and to render it pure, eloquent and capable of treating the arts and sciences; to cleanse it from the impurities it had contracted in the mouths of the common people, from the jargon of the lawyers, from the misusages of ignorant courtiers, and the abuses of the pulpit." The dictionary and treatises above mentioned were thought to be suitable means to these ends. M. Vaugelas was made President of the Dictionary Committee with a pension of 2,000 francs. The Cardinal remarked that he would not forget the word "pension" in the dictionary. "No, Monseigneur," replied Vaugelas, "and still less the word 'gratitude.'" The dictionary gave instant stability to the French tongue at a time when all others were in a state of flux. It also conferred comparative precision in the meaning of words. This kind of cultivation speedily developed the quality of verbal elegance. French became the common language of court circles and of diplomacy. The Academy had been a bare fifty years in existence before Courier launched at it the same satire of which it is the object to-day. "Among a company of men professing learning or wit, none cares to invite an abler than himself, but would rather be excelled in point of rank or wealth. A duke or a peer of France adorns an Academy which neglects Boileau, rejects LaBruyère, postpones Voltaire, but hastens to embrace Chapelain and Conrart." Yet, a few years later, Boileau was elected, and, still later, LaBruyère; and it is the fact that among the names of the first rank in French literature, very few have not been enrolled in the Academy. To Molière, rejected as a player, they have long since made the apology of placing his bust in their hall with the inscription, "To his glory naught is lacking: Ours lacks his name," Descartes was ineligible as residing in Holland. Scarron was confined to his house by paralysis. Pascal's Provincial Letters had barely appeared when he betook himself to Port Royal as a

recluse. These are some of the names that appeared to warrant Courier's sarcasm. With its shortcomings, Matthew Arnold, Taine and Renan agree that the French Academy has done great work. Renan would credit it with one chef-d'œuvre, the French language. Taine will have it that the influence of the Academy has been to give the language flexibility, brilliancy and polish at the expense of its masculine qualities, its originality, its spontaneity, its vigor, its natural grace; while Arnold thinks it has barred from French literature an eccentricity, a provincial spirit, a coarseness which, in his opinion, are barely compensated by English genius. In 1795 the Academy was incorporated with the Institute as one of its branches. This derogated from its character as a high literary court to maintain intellectual unity and protest against innovation. Taine says that "Bonaparte had thought of re-establishing its ancient privileges; but it had in his eyes one fatal defect, wit. Kings of France could condone a witticism even against themselves, a parvenu could not."

The Plague of Chinese Novels....From the North China Herald

The writing of novels began in the thirteenth century, and continued to be a favorite occupation of Chinese writers for about three centuries. After this it was felt that enough had been provided, and the production almost ceased. The authors concealed their names. The moral teaching of the Confucian school was too powerful for those who loved to give reign to their imagination in novel and play writing, to be able to venture on publicity. It was never with the consent of the always dominant moral philosophers that novels grew to the position of influence they now possess in China. This hostility has by no means ceased. Quite recently there appeared in a Chinese newspaper a paper written by an anonymous Confucianist, against novels. He is deeply impressed with the need of continuing the crusade against licentious literature and romances commenced by one Chien during the last century, when he founded a school in Soochow for the promotion of the healthy study of the classical books. He held that novels are now so prevalent that they amount to a fourth estate in the realm of teaching. The Confucian, Buddhist and Taoist literature being the first, second, and third. But instead of inculcating virtue they lead men into vice. Every one reads them or hears them read, and it may be

questioned whether the moral influence for evil of Chinese works of imagination is, he says, not greater than that of the books of the three religions for good. They suggest to young men that they should lead a licentious life, and represent killing a man as a noble action. To read of these things produces disastrous results on public morality. The many cases of crime in the courts and the number of those who adopt a robber's career are due to the effect of Chinese novel reading. This author was followed by Shih, who set the example of establishing the paper-burning urn in his family court. Into this urn went all novels and every sort of vicious literature on which he could lay hands, and especially the blocks from which they were printed. For these he made wide search, in the hope of extinguishing the evil at its source. Others of influence in Soochow followed these examples; they created a public opinion, and the consequence was that representatives of sixty-five of the most respectable firms went together to the city temple, burnt incense, and made a vow not to engage in the trade of immoral books. An office was opened in the Confucian temple of the magistracy for buying up the blocks of all immoral books, including novels. This was, however, nearly half a century ago, and the evil rose again. Twenty-five years ago, the then Governor of the district issued a new proclamation reiterating the order prohibiting immoral publications. At the present time there is a flood of books with a bad influence. Such reading as they furnish has more influence in leading young minds wrong, says the Confucianist writer, than all the influence on the side of right or the teaching of the sages. The foreign reader of Chinese books of an imaginative kind cannot condemn them indiscriminately, because they contain beautiful characters, both of men and women, which exhibit an admirable idea of bravery, filial piety, purity of life, loyalty, and other noble qualities. But there can be no doubt of the bad influence of many of the native books which familiarize the minds of the young with scenes of vice, and hold up successful crime to sympathetic admiration. It must also be remembered that whatever evil there may be in the actual life of the Chinese, they have among them the firm friends of a high morality. The national conscience and the national literature alike testify with unfaltering voice to the duty of every one to be moral, just and humane."

GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

The latest to become an "Immortal," as those elected to the French Academy are called, is Charles Louis de Sancies de Freycinet, who has been so prominent in French politics since the coming in of the republic. He is sixty-three years old, and until 1870 was a mining and railroad engineer by profession. In Paris, where he has been nicknamed "the Little White Mouse," he is known as an accomplished speaker and writer. M. de Freycinet, in Paris, is prodigiously proud of his election to the Academy, says the *New York Sun*. He attributes his success to his literary merits, which he has himself always rated much higher than the world has done. In reality his election to a seat among the Immortals is the result of the feeling that to him is due most of the credit for reorganizing the French army, which it is fondly believed by all Frenchmen is now quite a match for the hosts of Germany. Here is a good description of De Freycinet, written by a man who knows him well: "As a writer and speaker he has a thin, elegant, and lucid style. He excels in clean statement, an orderly marshalling of facts, and delicate, though striking, innuendo. In arguing most he never seems to argue, but gently compels his hearers to deduce the conclusions at which he wishes them to arrive. He is a delightful fireside talker, and one of the best chess players in France. American visitors to Paris should be well acquainted with his stately courtesy and his wonderful mastery of the English language."

Henry George has retired from the editorship of *The Standard*, and will henceforth devote himself mainly to the oral publication of, what Goldwin Smith calls, the *Doctrine of Unrest*. As a lecturer in England, Scotland, Australia, and New South Wales, Mr. George is a great success. There his single tax ideas are listened to, and, best of all, understood. The chances are that Mr. George will locate in London and devote himself to authorship. His present plans include a primer of political economy, an annotated edition of the "*Wealth of Nations*," and a reply to Professor Huxley's attack on "*Progress and Poverty*." It is a curious commentary on the fitful character of appreciation that Mr. George's fame as a thinker, a forcible and logical writer, and a lecturer of not

common, but uncommon sense is largely out of his own country. Describing the personal characteristics of the economist a friend says: "George the social philosopher and George the man are two curiously different persons. He stands alone among modern political economists, but socially he is the simplest and most approachable of men. He is conspicuous as a listener rather than a talker, and in any company of men he seems anxious rather to draw out the opinions of others than to exploit his own. His intellectual methods are peculiar. He has a habit, when reading a newspaper, of tearing out articles bodily and handing the ragged fragment to his son, with instructions to preserve it. Perhaps a month later he will suddenly call for the article, having hit upon a subject to which it bears some relation. In habit he is the most active and restless of mortals. He sits still only when at work, and a formal dinner has peculiar terrors for him because it does not admit of peripatetic performances between courses. He is a devoted husband and father, a sympathetic friend. His chief associates are a little group of faithful single taxers, some poor, some well-to-do, and a few rich."

Julien Gordon—Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger—has been gossiping of herself to a representative of *The N. Y. World*: "It was at her country place, Idlesse Farm, on Long Island, that Mrs. Cruger consented to be interviewed, and to give some account of her life and method of working. She spends the greater part of her time at Idlesse, of which she is very fond, when she does not go to Europe. The farm consists of about seventy acres. The ground is laid out chiefly in lawns, the house standing on a bluff, about two hundred feet from the Sound, with a wood behind it. The house is small. A simple little house, but furnished with taste, and filled with bric-a-brac, pictures and flowers. The two drawing rooms are thrown into one, a wood fire blazes in the chimney, before which, Loris, the English black and tan terrier, lies stretched at full length; the shaded lamps throw a subdued light over everything, and 'Julien Gordon,' in evening dress, seated on the couch, leans back against the cushions and talks in a low, cultivated voice. 'Do you want to know something of my family? I have some New England blood in my veins, a touch of saleratus,' she said, laughingly. 'The Wentworths were my ancestors, and my uncle, Charles Storrow, who graduated

at Harvard the head of a class in which were Lowell and other distinguished men, is still living in Boston. My great-grandfather was a British officer, and my grandfather is still remembered in Boston. He was very elegant and accomplished. He frequently contributed to the periodicals, having a natural gift for writing. My father, Thomas Wentworth Storrow, lived in France nearly all his life, and I was born in Paris. My mother was a Miss Paris, and the favorite niece of Washington Irving. My grandfather, Daniel Paris, was a lawyer of distinction at Albany and Troy, and was for many years in the State Legislature. My childhood was passed in Paris, France, and I did not speak English until I was nine years old. When did I first begin to write? I have always had a taste and a facility for writing, and as a child I wrote stories and plays—in French, of course; but they all went into the fire. Yes, I have also written verses, but I have never kept any of them. I began *A Diplomat's Diary* last Summer a year ago, and when half way through I laid it aside and wrote *A Successful Man* in two weeks. Then I finished the *Diplomat*. I took them both to a distinguished critic in New York City, who said they were full of talent, full of life and strength. Lippincott accepted *A Diplomat's Diary* with the verdict of 'unusual merit,' which pleased me very much, and I am surprised as well as delighted at its success. I believe some of the critics consider *A Successful Man*, published in *The Cosmopolitan*, the more artistic novel of the two? Then there is *Mademoiselle Réséda*, another *Cosmopolitan* story, running through two numbers, but my most serious work will be published in a few months by Lippincott and is called *A Puritan Pagan*. I wrote it in three weeks. Do you call that a short time? I wrote night and day, denying myself to all visitors. I have no other life while I am writing. I don't feel the ground under my feet, nor see the heavens above me. I am absorbed completely. As soon as I entered literature literary people told me I must get into the traces and write regularly every day. But I said I should do nothing of the sort. When I write, I write day and night, giving up everything. I frequently write from half-past eight in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon, and then I order my horse and go out for a ride.' Julien Gordon writes in her bedroom, a dainty room, the hangings of the bed and the quilt being of golden-colored satin. The desk, with a

mirror, is placed opposite the windows that look out upon the waters of the Sound, and a wood fire burns on the hearth. Here she sometimes writes all day. She has tea brought to her room at 8.30 every morning and does not go downstairs until 11 or 12 o'clock, breakfast being served at 12.30. Tea is brought to the drawing-room at 5, and dinner is served at 8. Mrs. Cruger is tall and handsome, elegant and dignified in appearance and manners, and has gray eyes and rippling, sunny, brown hair. As a result of the most intelligent care she enjoys superb health. She is never tired, and likes to be out-of-doors a great part of the day. She takes long walks and canters on the beach, accompanied by her dogs, Loris, Praxiteles, a handsome collie, two mastiff pups and a big, black Newfoundland, or strolls about the farm giving orders."

According to the London Star, English literary women have mostly something characteristic about their clothes. Some of them go in heavily for jewelry, one or two show a partiality for old lace, and one is renowned for wearing loud colors. Mrs. Lynn-Linton always has on a black gown and a white cap when she is at home. She wears rich stuffs—silk, velvet, brocade, and the like. Lady Wilde is quite the *grand dame*. She dresses in handsome silks, more or less sad in color, and wears long trains. Her hair is dark and luxurious, and she arranges it in a peculiar fashion under a high head-dress. Lady Wilde has an immense partiality for jewelry. The most charitably-disposed person could not say that Miss Braddon ever wears nice clothes. She likes solid colors, and affects velvet. Her gowns have many furbelows. She wears large diamond eardrops. Miss Braddon is a first-rate house-keeper. Ouida dresses absurdly. She strives after juvenility always. Her hair she wears in a curly crop, bound by a band of blue ribbon. Mrs. Walford is every inch a dowager in her attire. She likes heliotrope, and the rich, heavy materials she goes in for would look better in curtains than in dresses. Mrs. Walford is an accomplished woman. She spins, embroiders, and paints beautifully. Mrs. Cashel-Hoey's style is queer, but you get used to it. She generally has on some priceless old point lace. A lace shawl that she wears occasionally, must be worth a couple of hundred pounds if it is worth a penny. Mrs. Hoey always wears mourning. In the matter of millinery she is something like a nurse.

Lady Hardy dresses elegantly and picturesquely. She does her hair in the marquise style. Her favorite materials are brocaded velvet and brocaded silk. She has a superb necklace of intaglios for "swagger" occasions. Mrs. Campbell-Praed wears gowns of the most *recherché* description. In the evening she affects rich, delicate brocades. Her gowns are cut in a simple fashion, but they are always rather *décolleté*. Mrs. Praed's day dresses are modest and ladylike in tone. Mrs. Stannard dresses smartly. Her style is a trifle severe. She does not follow all the flights of fashion. Mrs. Stannard is fond of quiet shades, and in the evening generally gives black the preference. Anything in the way of flummery she detests. Her day dresses are always tailor-made—well-built, without a crease or a wave anywhere. Mrs. Stannard does not waste money on clothes. She is not ashamed to admit that a few seasons ago (before she was as well off as she is now) she did eighty parties in two frocks. Marie Corelli dresses fairly well. Being very *petite* she goes in for simple dresses. Light blue and pale pink are colors that become her well. She wears both, and sometimes comes out all in white, Marie has a little white hand with which she is very fond of laying down the law. She believes thoroughly in the "beauty sleep," and nothing on earth would keep her out of bed after twelve o'clock. Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett wears dresses that look too youthful for her. Salmon-pink, white, pale blue and soft yellow are the shades that Mrs. Burnett favors most.

Henry Schliemann, the author-explorer, recently deceased, was as desperate an adventurer as he was brilliant and accomplished as a scholar. His life fairly bristled with incident. He was born in the little village of Ankershagen, in Mecklenburg, in 1822. His father, a Lutheran clergyman, made the discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum frequent subjects of conversation, and almost daily recited verses from Homer, inspiring young Schliemann with enthusiasm for the exploits of Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon and other heroes of the divine tragedy. In vain did his father assert that not one stone of Ilium's walls remained on the ancient site. The boy retorted that the houses might be partly destroyed, but the huge walls could not be, and that he would dig them out. And he did. But first he was a grocer's clerk; a cabin boy; a tramp; a California argonaut of '49; a Russian

merchant; a Greek millionaire; a French scientist, and an Arabian scholar. He located ancient Troy, opened the citadel of Mycenæ and dug out the Acropolis of Athens. His investigations have been fully set forth in a series of important works in English, German and French, including his *Ilios* and *Mycenæ*. Dr. Schliemann was twice married. His first wife, a native of Russia, refused to leave that country, and her husband, after vainly endeavoring to overcome her love of country, took up his residence at Indianapolis and obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion as defined by the law of Indiana. He then married a Greek lady as enthusiastic as himself in the work of recovering the relics of Hellenic greatness.

The number of young Southerners entering the field of journalism in New York is increasing rapidly. One of the recent enlistments is that of Warren Ratcliffe McVeigh. He is from Virginia, where his family were prominent before and during the war, his grandfather, the Hon. Daniel Ratcliffe, particularly. It has been said by one of the old school journalists that "the N. Y. Evening Sun is run by Arthur Brisbane and a lot of office boys"—McVeigh is one of the "office boys"—boys with the most artistic journalistic touch in the world. He is tall, thin, wiry, nervous and looks anywhere from 17 to 27. His first newspaper experience was with a small country paper in Maryland, where he learned to set his crop reports in type after he had penciled them. He came to New York when he was 16 and began the fight that older men have given up in dismay. His development has been in the direction of a sketch writer. Blessed with what is known as a wide-awake intellect he makes the most of it. His little story, *The Thunderstorm*, is one of the neatest bits of fiction ever penned, and his etchings and character sketches are widely copied and universally read. His sketches are from life. He frequents the elevated roads and other public places, for inspiration, and then draws on his beautiful and lively imagination for his interesting and picturesque facts.

A New England Nun is the fetching title the Harper's have selected for the next volume of the collected stories of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, whose recent magazine story "*The Revolt of Mother*" has overwhelmed her with popularity and praise. The *Boston Transcript* gives these particulars concerning her: "Miss Mary E. Wilkins lives in Randolph,

Mass., her birthplace, having her home in the house of a family of her life-long friends; none of her own immediate family are living. Her childhood was spent in Randolph, then for about ten years before the death of her parents she lived in Brattleboro, Vt. For several years past she has lived in Randolph; three rooms in her friends' farmhouse, at the end of the village, form her apartment, and there she does all of her work. Her 'first grown up story,' to quote her own expression, was *Two Old Lovers*, the second story in her first volume. One of her latest is *Thankful*, in the Thanksgiving number of *Harper's Young People*. Miss Wilkins is a young woman, quiet, reserved, yet gifted with clever conversational powers. She has not traveled abroad or learned the language in which the most perfect of short stories are written, but the French writers are beginning to write to ask permission to translate her stories and put her finished pictures of New England life before the French. She does not write about types; she writes about folks, real in her stories, if not in actual life. This is the reason her stories impress all readers with their irresistible nature." A correspondent who has visited the lady says, "she bears a noticeable resemblance to the famous Jane Austen, not only in her 'small neat pen,' whose work is as delicate and truthful as the finest miniature-painting, but also in her love of country life, her delightful sense of humor, and her capacity to write her stories on her knee, in a room full of people, undisturbed by chattering or laughter. There could never be anything of the literary lion in the manner or wishes of this retiring young woman." "It would not be possible for much greater success than she has had to spoil her," says one who has known her all her life. A merry comment made by Miss Wilkins herself on reading that she "is now a fad" shows how her sense of humor defends her. "They call me a fad," said the author. "It sounds as if I was an immense plaid gown or a Queen Anne house."

The story *Pasquale*, now running in the columns of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, continually brings to mind the sensational and tragic death of the writer, Mrs. Anne Sheldon Coombs—daughter-in-law of Congressman Coombs—who threw herself, in full street costume, from an upper story of the Pierrepont House, Brooklyn, and was found a shuddering mass in an area way below. What impelled this talented

woman to this awful and sensational end no one will ever know. Beautiful, wealthy, happy in her home, and with everything to make a woman content, the spirit of unrest was within her—by it she was evidently possessed. Her ideality was altogether too strong for the reality of her everyday surroundings. This is evidenced in her poem of the Rosicrucians, reprinted in the department of *In a Minor Key*. Here is a worshipful stanza to the light of *The Great Somewhere Else*:

All love thee, but none can express thee,
Or pierce to the core of thy heart ;
The poet in dreams may half guess thee,
And faintly divine what thou art.
But the song that would sing thee is broken,
The lips quiver once and are still,
And thy mystery, ever unspoken,
Is left for the future to fill.

A writer in the *New York Star* says: "The announcement by the publishers of *Cæsar's Column* that the author of that somewhat remarkable book is Ignatius Donnelly, of Shakespeare-Bacon fame, did not surprise me as much as it might those who do not know of the tremendous energy of the Minnesota sage. He is a literary and political steam engine. He is the most unique figure in some respects in our National history. As a writer he is studious, persistent as a machine, as the laborious details in working out the alleged cipher in Shakespeare show. The cryptogram no less shows the audacity of his conception, which was faintly foreshadowed when his fascinating Atlantis first appeared. His language often leads the fancy captive. In political work he is a master. There is no stump speaker in the Northwest who can approach him. His fund of stories is inexhaustible, and his vocabulary is faultless. Round-faced, smooth-shaved and rotund, Donnelly secures the attention and good will, if not the sympathy, of his audience before he has spoken ten minutes. He is fifty-nine years of age, and has been in Minnesota since 1856. He has been in Congress several terms, and has belonged to every party that has come up in the last twenty-five years—Republican, Democrat, Greenbacker, Anti-Monopolist; in them all he has taken a leading part. The collapse of any one had no effect on Donnelly; he always came up smiling. There is no question as to his ability as a legislator. As a parliamentarian

he has few equals in the United States. How a man in the midst of such exciting and turbulent political work has found time to achieve the literary reputation he has already won is a mystery even to those who know him best. He is the biggest gun in the Minnesota Alliance to-day, and his friends say he is riding the storm out there and will succeed 'Cush' Davis in the United States Senate: And yet, would you believe it, that, though in the midst of this great fight, he is actually also at work upon a semi-political novel, which is based, it is said, on the most original and extraordinary conception in literature. Look out for it. It will be interesting. Caesar's Column has gone through two editions."

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnson, the author, is thus quoted by *The Indianapolis Journal*: "Story-writing," said the Colonel, "is the last thing for me in literature, and I came to it in a way altogether accidental. I had published two or three volumes on English literature, and in conjunction with a friend had written a life of Alexander Stephens, and also a book on American and European literature, but had no idea of story-writing for money. Two or three stories of mine had found their way into the papers before I left Georgia. I had been a professor of English literature in Georgia, but during the war I took a school of boys. I removed to Baltimore and took forty boys with me and continued my school. There was in Baltimore, in 1870, a periodical called *The Southern Magazine*. The first nine of my *Dukesborough Tales* were contributed to that magazine. These fell into the hands of the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who asked me what I got for them. I said 'not a cent,' and he wanted to know why I had not sent them to him. Neelus Peeler's *Conditions* was the first story for which I got pay. It was published in *The Century*, over the signature of 'Philemon Perch.' Dr. Holland told Mr. Gilder to 'tell that man to write under his own name,' adding that he himself had made a mistake in writing under a pseudonym. Sidney Lanier urged me to write, and said that if I would do so he would get the matter in print for me. So he took Neelus Peeler's *Conditions* and it brought me \$80. I was surprised that my stories were considered of any value. I withdrew from teaching about six years ago and since that time have devoted my time to authorship. I have never put a

word in my book that I have not heard the people use, and very few that I have not used myself. Powelton, Ga., is my Dukesborough. I was born fourteen miles from there. Of the female characters that I have created, Miss Doolana Lines was my favorite, while Mr. Bill Williams is my favorite among the male characters. I started Doolana to make her mean and stingy like her father, but I hadn't written a page before she wrenched herself out of my hands. She said to me: 'I am a woman, and you shall not make me mean.' These stories all are of Georgia as it was before the war. In the hill country the institution of slavery was very different from what it was in the rice region or near the coast. Do you know the Georgia negro has five times the sense of the South Carolina negro? Why? Because he has always been near his master, and their relations are closer. My father's negroes loved him and he loved them, and if a negro child died upon the place my mother wept for it. Some time ago I went to the old place, and an old negro came eight miles, walked all the way, to see me. He got to the house before five o'clock in the morning, and opened the shutters while I was asleep. With a cry he rushed into the room, 'Oh, Massa Dick.' We cried in each other's arms. We had been boys together. One of my slaves is now a bishop—Bishop Lucius Holsey, one of the most eloquent men in Georgia."

The recent death of Octave Feuillet, the French novelist, dramatist and Academician, is a distinct loss to letters. He was a writer of manifold talents, novelist, playwright, journalist, poet and philosopher. "M. Feuillet was born," says the New York Evening World, "at St. Lo, the capital of the Department of Manche, Aug. 11, 1812. He was a son of a Secretary-General of Prefecture, and was early sent to the College of St. Louis, in Paris, where he achieved brilliant scholastic successes. He was destined by his parents for an official career, but he preferred literature and published *Le Grand Viellard*, his first novel in co-authorship with his school-fellows, MM. Bocage and Albert Aubert, over the pseudonym *Desire Hazard*. For some years he wrote much, and his productions, scattered about newspapers and reviews in the form of light sketches and tales, achieved but a limited success. In fact, he did not deem them worth reprinting. He made himself known in the Paris literary world in 1846

as the author of *Le Fruit Defendu*, in the *Revue Nouvelle*, and from 1848 he published numerous proverbs, comedies, tales and romances, which have been since collected and published in book form. It was not until 1853, that his charming proverb, *Le Cheveu Blanc*, brought him a first instalment of genuine renown as a dramatic author. The renown increased year by year with the performance of such plays as *Peril en la Demeure*, *Dalila*, etc., until in 1858 the publication of *Le Roman d'une Jeune Homme Pauvre*, and its performance at the *Vaudeville*, put M. Feuillet fairly in the front rank among authors. He was elected to succeed M. Scribe in the French Academy four years later. He had acquired such a hold then on the sympathies of the feminine portion of the public that the rush of ladies to hear his inauguration speech was unparalleled. The most remarkably successful of all Feuillet's works has been *La Morte*, published in 1886. His first entirely original play was *La Nuit Terrible*, produced in 1846. Among his novels were *Alix*, *La Redemption*, *Bel-lah*, *Le Cheveu Blanc* and *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* which obtained remarkable popularity, and was dramatized and translated into several languages, being well known here in its dramatic form. His later novels were *Histoire de Sybille*, *Monsieur de Camors*, and *Julia de Trecœur*. Among his plays were *Montjoye*, *La Belle au Boise Dormant*, *Le Cas de Conscience*, *Julie*, and the libretto of Gautier's comic opera, *La Cle d'Or*. His earlier dramatic works were published collectively (1853-1856), in five volumes."

The New York Evening Sun thus summarizes and describes the author Stepniak now on a lecturing tour in this country. "Stepniak is a Nihilist. He has explained in his book, *Russia Under the Tzars*, what his meaning of the word is. A Nihilist, as he understands it, is not a man who goes trying to make a general wreck of social order, but a man who wants to put the thick fence of a constitution round the despot who rules in St. Petersburg. Stepniak got involved in one of those acts of wild justice which occasionally shows the powder-magazine upon which the Tzar stands. A great official was killed, and he had to fly to Paris. There is a cordial relationship between the French police and the Russian. Innumerable efforts were made to capture and hand him over to the emissaries of the Russian Government. But they were all

thwarted through his habit of going abroad always armed and always in the day time. Finally Paris became unsafe and Stepniak went to London. Here he was in absolute security and devoted himself to literary work. Underground Russia startled public opinion. For the first time people saw the conditions under which the Liberal party in Russia carried on the struggle for freedom. Not only did London receive the Russian nihilist, but that most respectable and conservative of English papers, *The Times*, placed him upon her staff. All Russian subjects were treated under his supervision. The Russian Government was furious at this action from the representative organ of a friendly foreign power. Mme. Norikoff, who is retained in London by the Russian Government, has never ceased to protest, but her protestations have always been in vain. Underground Russia was written in Russian, translated into French and then into English. Some of Stepniak's later books have been written altogether in English. Stepniak is a tall, muscular man, with a strikingly Russian face. He wears a beard, which is curly and profuse. He has even a more foreign appearance than when he came to London. As he talks to you, though it is in his own drawing-room, he walks up and down the room emphasizing everything by vigorous gesticulation. When he first lived in London, Mme. Stepniak acquired a facile use of English more quickly than her husband. He would often turn and appeal to her for a word which he could not remember, and the word always came. Mme. Stepniak, who has come to New York too, is typical of those Russian women who are among the most enthusiastic of her country's reforming class. She is small, dark-eyed and vivacious, and always leaves the impression of having the courage of her convictions—no small matter when those convictions have to do with the politics of the Empire of the Romanoffs. She is a charming hostess and an adept at presiding over the mysteries of a Russian tea. Stepniak had only been a short time in England when he was thoroughly acquainted not only with English problems but with all the agrarian and other difficulties which go to make up the riddle of the Irish Question. All true liberal movements are interesting to them, but, of course, they are most absorbed in the hopes of the party of Young Russia."

VERSE FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Tramp....The Cornhill Magazine

The fields are all sweet with hay,
 The brakes are all blithe with song,
 On the hedges rose-garlands sway,
 Convolvulus-clusters throng,
 As shoeless, and tattered, and grimy and gray,
 He shuffles along.

A skylark sings high above,
 A thrush from yon hanging bough,
 Far away in the wood a dove ;
 But he passes with scowling brow,
 Their melodies once he was wont to love ;
 He hates them now.

Hates all ; save the sheltering night,
 When under a bank he creeps,
 And Squalor is out of sight,
 The Hunger its distance keeps,
 And unmocked by the birds and the meadows bright,
 His misery sleeps.

In Tuerto Canon....Charles F. Lummis....Belford's Magazine

The white moon hangs on a tattered sky,
 A brooch on a beggar's breast ;
 A young wind laughs as it loiters by ;
 The credulous aspens reach and sigh
 To its careless touch, as you and I
 Come clattering down the west.

Pwist! Alazan! Are you going to sleep?
 We're here at the four-mile tree!
 And deeper the cañon gapes, and deep
 The inching shade where the tall pines creep
 To peer in the brook, whose windows keep
 Their shivering doubles—see!

Yon hectic star through the night of pine
 That broods on the Tuerto's comb!
 Aha! And your ears perk up to line!
 You know who waits there with eyes ashine—
 Whose neck she will hug next after mine!
 I guess so! Then out for home!

A shot! *Pe-yan-ng!* And it burnt my ear!
Good cause for your shying so!
Apaches! Trapped! They are front and rear!
And Kate alone, with the hellions near—
My Kate—Alazan! Get out of here!
Whoop! Through them! *Over* them! Go!

Off in a whirlwind of iron heels
That kindle the stony trail!
Ay! Let them follow the hawk that wheels,
Or chase the bolt when the sky-break peals!
The foam rains round, and the cañon reels,
And—safe! Do you hear her hail!

The Song of the Sea Winds.....Austin Dobson.....Macmillan's

How it sings, sings, sings,
Blowing sharply from the sea line,
With an edge of salt that stings;
How it laughs aloud and passes,
As it cuts the close cliff grasses;
How it sings again and whistles
As it shakes the stout sea thistles—
How it sings!

How it shrieks, shrieks, shrieks
In the crannies of the headland,
In the gashes of the creeks
How it shrieks once more, and catches
Up the yellow foam in patches;
How it whirls it out and over
To the cornfield and the clover—
How it shrieks!

How it roars, roars, roars
In the iron under-caverns,
In the hollows of the shores;
How it roars anew and thunders,
As the strong hull splits and sunders;
And the spent ship, tempest driven,
On the reef lies rent and riven—
How it roars!

How it wails, wails, wails
In the tangle of the wreckage,
In the flapping of the sails;

How it sobs away, subsiding,
 Like a tired child, after chiding ;
 And across the ground swell rolling
 You can hear the bell-buoy tolling—
 How it wails !

A Truce....Arthur Sherburne Hardy....Scribner's

If Life had made a truce with Love,
 And hand in hand together
 Made earth as fair as heaven above,
 That day, my own, were mine alone,
 Of all Time's stormy weather.

If Life and Love fall out again,
 And frown at one another,
 Then Love shall laugh, for all his pain,
 Who stole a day from Life away
 That Life may ne'er recover.

The Battle Flag at Shenandoah....Joaquin Miller....In Classic Shades

The tented field wore a wrinkled frown,
 And the emptied church from the hill looked down
 On the emptied road and the emptied town,
 That summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray ;
 And a wide green valley rolled away
 Between where the battling armies lay,
 That sacred Sunday morning.

And Custer sat, with impatient will,
 His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still
 As he watched with glass from the oak-set hill,
 That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret ;
 "There's a battle flag on a bayonet
 Too close to my own true soldiers set
 For peace this Sunday morning !"

"Ride over, some one," he haughtily said,
 "And bring it to me! Why, in bars blood red
 And in stars I will stain it, and overhead
 Will flaunt it this Sunday morning !"

Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim,
Rode out, and touching his cap to him,
Swept down, as swift as the swallows swim,
That anxious Sunday morning.

On, on through the valley ! up, up, anywhere !
That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air
Kept on till he climbed to the banner there
That bravest Sunday morning !

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist
He wound it tight, and he turned in haste,
And swift his perilous route retraced
That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed !
Ah ! boy, and banner, and all God speed !
God's pity for you in your hour of need
This deadly Sunday morning.

O, deadly shot ! and O, shower of lead !
O, iron rain on the brave, bare head !
Why, even the leaves from the tree fall dead
This dreadful Sunday morning !

But he gains the oaks ! Men cheer in their might !
Brave Custer is weeping in his delight !
Why, he is embracing the boy outright
This glorious Sunday morning !

But, soft ! Not a word has the pale boy said.
He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red
With his heart's best blood ; and he falls down dead,
In God's still Sunday morning.

So, wrap his flag to his soldier's breast ;
Into stars and stripes it is stained, and blest ;
And under the oaks let him rest and rest
Till God's great Sunday morning.

RANDOM READING : CURRENT TOPICS

Is the Nineteenth the Scientific Century ?....The New York Sun

In a public address at Liverpool Lord Derby recently asked : "What general, what statesman, what man of letters can hope to leave a memory like that of Darwin ?" and, as if to emphasize the implied answer, adds that Darwin will be remembered as long as Bacon or Newton. The illustration afforded by these names ought to be useful in fully answering the Earl's question. Newton, too, revolutionized the thought of Europe, yet is Newton's name so much more familiar than that of Pope in English letters, or of Pitt in statesmanship, or of Marlborough in arms—all men of Newton's century ? Is it better known than those of Voltaire and Rousseau and the great Frederick ? Lord Derby fortifies his position by citing the regret with which Renan confesses that he views his own selection of the field of history in preference to that of physical science. But if Renan had produced a work of the essential permanence of Gibbon's, need he have regretted missing the fame of a Faraday ? for surely Renan would not expect to have produced scientific work of greater eminence than his. Lord Derby would characterize this century as especially the century of science—and he means of physical science. But why ? Generalizations of this sort are of real importance to sound thinking, and ought not to be let pass without examination. The Eighteenth century entered into its inheritance in the labors of Descartes, and adopted Newton (who published before the century was born) and produced Herschel, D'Alembert, Euler and Laplace ; it produced Count Rumford, Franklin, Priestley, Lavoisier, Cavendish and Dalton ; it produced Hutton and Jenner, Hume and Kant and Adam Smith. Are these names surpassed by those grouped around Darwin's in the Nineteenth, Young, Faraday, Helmholtz, Joule, Hamilton, Grassman and all the rest ? Spectroscopy and atomicity have indeed created the new chemistry and molecular physics, but is it true that the revolution in modes of thought has been greater than that from Berzelius to Phlogiston, or from Herschel to Flamsteed ? Which of two centuries is to claim Monge and Chasles ? But again, why assign a special eminence to science among the great works of the Nineteenth century ? Has it not held its own

with its predecessor in many branches of pure letters? The names of Byron, Shelley, Irving and Thackeray, of Balzac, De Musset and Gautier, of Heine, Meck and Rancke are of the Nineteenth century. So are those of the whole body of accepted historians from Niebuhr to Bryce. This century has nearly created comparative philology. Its achievements in the art of war are unsurpassed by those of any period in the race's record. Its explorations in the Arctic and beneath the equator rank with those made by the Elizabethans. In medicine, the progress of fifty years, much of it made before medicine became scientific, has surpassed that from Galen to Harvey. Lord Derby did not confound in his own mind advances made in the domain of thought and knowledge with those in practical arts due to discoveries in physical science. The proof of this is that he selected Darwin's name to typify this Nineteenth century science, and the field of Darwin's work was not one in which these practical utilities immediately lay. He emphasized this distinction by his selection of great names from the past. He chose those whose work was most influential on human thinking rather than in subservience to the comforts or conveniences of living. The pre-eminence he assigned to Darwin was over the leaders in all other fields of Nineteenth century activity. In this assignment men may be permitted to differ from Lord Derby. The names of Bismarck, of Pasteur, of Thackeray, of Balzac seem likely to be as widely known and as long remembered as Darwin's own. And to which century, the Nineteenth or the Eighteenth, are Napoleon and Goethe to be assigned? On the whole, may we not have to decide that, compared with its predecessor, the Nineteenth century shows no pre-eminence in science? that science in the Nineteenth century has attained no advantage over letters or politics? and that the real pre-eminence of this century is held by the utilitarian arts?

The Ideal in Life....The American Spirit....New Orleans Picayune

There is a frequently repeated saying to the effect that every American boy expects to be President of the United States. It is, perhaps, not literally true; but it seems to carry an idea of the general hopefulness and ambition which the abundant opportunities for personal distinction in this country have inspired. It is a fact that there is no other country in which the road to success is so free to all sorts

and conditions of men. The great prizes of life are not numerous anywhere, and in the United States, the few succeed and the many fail. But the special good fortune of the young men of this Republic consists in the fact that they are not handicapped by artificial barriers and restraints. We recall in connection with this reflection a conversation with a German in which he gave some account of his youth in the Fatherland. His father was a miller and millwright, and all his ancestors, as far as he could trace them back, had earned their bread in the same way. The son inherited his father's trade as invariably as he took the family name, and it had not, apparently, occurred to any one of the line that there could be any reason or occasion to break the rule. It was easier for the boy to learn his father's trade than any other, and such was the custom of the country. So, generation after generation, the heir of our friend's house had taken his place in the mill, and was content, as contentment goes in this world, to grind his neighbor's grain. One might suspect from the monotony of this history a certain dullness or deficiency of imagination; but such does not appear to have been the case. We well remember our friend's description of the long nights passed in the mill, and how, among other things, he told us of reading aloud to the farmer lads and peasants from some German classic while they waited for their flour. In his country, he was proud to say, Goethe was a popular hero. You might find a plaster of Paris or terra cotta bust of the author in the humblest home. Well, that argues a degree of ideality that is not consistent with any theory of intellectual torpor. But the Germany of that time was not the Germany of to-day. Political liberalism was only beginning to stir in the body politic. The old lines of feudalism were still drawn taut between the classes, and the genius of the land devoted itself perforce to literature and science. The common people had before them no prospect of wealth or political distinction, and they accepted their lot without dreaming of anything better. We will not attempt to answer here whether such a life is not, upon the whole, as happy as any other. For better or worse, the masses are coming to the front in the Old World, and in the New, their will is already supreme. From his cradle the American lives a life of unrest, satisfied with no elevation while any eminence remains above him. Hope is a bird that will fly wherever its

wings are free, and ambition is born of opportunity. Disappointment of course, is the most common result. We know not how many thousands of our countrymen have grown prematurely old, and gray and haggard, because of the political triumphs of men like Lincoln and Garfield, and the enormous accumulations of men like Vanderbilt and Gould. The example of such lives, the demonstration of such possibilities, quickens the pulse of a nation, and American ardor, energy and enterprise have become proverbial. But what philosophy of life underlies and actuates this ceaseless and universal activity? Every man must have some ideal of life. It is his prerogative to fix the end of his existence and strive toward it. If that end is power, or fame, or wealth, it is the craving of vanity; if it is simply pleasure, it is the inspiration of selfishness. Whatever it is, it reflects his character and determines his destiny. But there is this to be said for ideals of nobler sort: they cannot lead to disappointment while they are cherished for their own sake. The artist may fail to paint as he would, the poet's touch may miss the magic string, the scientist may die before his work is completed, the patriot may live to see his country ever defeated and oppressed; but ideal beauty, truth and goodness, are stars that shine forever above the storms and wrecks of time.

Wanted, A New Religion....From Blackwood's Magazine

There can be no doubt but that the chief craving of modern "culture" in England is for new forms of religious belief. We live in an age of doctrinal unrest. Mankind is suffering from a species of spiritual indigestion, and people are continually chopping and changing their religious diet in the vain endeavor to find something that agrees with them. They are everything by turns and nothing long. Our latter-day dilettantism changes its fashions in matters of dogma as lightly as it alters the cut of its garments or the shape of its hat. It says, "Try Positivism," or, "Try Esoteric Buddhism," with as little concern as one might say "Try Pears' Soap;" and each religio-philosophic fad has its brief run of success, only to be supplanted by some newer one. To aspirants for fame in London drawing-rooms, I say without hesitation, "Start a New Religion, and start it at once." The world will turn an attentive ear to any fresh prophet who may appear upon the scene, provided only his doctrines bear the

semblance of originality, and be dressed in the garb of attractive whimsicality. For the new cult to be a complete success, it should contain a strong infusion of the supernatural or spookical element, as that sort of thing always draws. Spiritualism or Occultism, in their original forms, may be defunct or out of favor; but humanity is infected as strongly as ever with the same superstitions and the same cravings after the marvelous which made them so popular. The demand for this particular kind of sensationalism will never wane as long as human nature remains what it is, although it may break out in new and varied guises. It is a species of mental dram-drinking, an appetite which grows with what it feeds on; so that the more fantastic the theory, the more absurd and impossible the "manifestations," the more readily they gain acceptance. Melancholy, mild-eyed youths, with pale faces and long black hair, will simper admiringly round their new Gamaliel. The mildly agnostic lady, who has doubts but hardly dares express them, dallying with infidelity even as some other ladies delight to dally with impropriety, will worship at your shrine. The higher philosophy lady, with a tear in her voice and a hugely expansive soul that is always yearning to get upon a higher plane, will gaze up into your eyes with those liquid orbs of hers dim with straining to penetrate the arcana of the unseen world, and seek your counsel and sympathy. If she is young and pretty, you will doubtless accord them to her, especially the sympathy. Do not, however, be too daringly heterodox, or you will frighten away the more timid members of your flock who prefer their heterodoxy in small doses. In fact you will perhaps do well to label yourself a Christian, or shall we say a "Christian Eclectic?" Your Christianity will, of course, not be of the sort most people are accustomed to; but you will not fail to explain that yours is the only true form, and that no others are genuine. Be not unmindful of the æsthetic longings of your auditors. These may be gratified if you expound your novel doctrines in peacock-blue vestments against a lily-painted screen for a background. Be sure and not be dull, for though we English dote on dullness in our books (*vide* the strange popularity of the theological romance), we like to be "roused" or else amused in our sermons. You will do well to adopt a more or less outlandish jargon in your expositions, and avoid, like poison, being plain

or explicit. You have only to mystify and muddle people's brains sufficiently for them to think you an exceedingly clever fellow. In hermetic literature and conversation nothing is to be taken literally, but in the sense in which a person of disordered brain would understand it. Therefore you will speak largely in parables. If it be objected that you are talking undiluted nonsense (indeed highly probable), you can always reply, with Rabbi Maimonides, that "the greater the absurdity of the letter the deeper the wisdom of the spirit."

Higher Education of Women....The New York Sunday Times

The sterner sex is not commonly supposed to take much interest in the "higher education" of the softer. The reason of course is that the male of our species values the female as he finds her companionable and agreeable to himself, and it is very doubtful whether in most cases her attractiveness in this respect is increased with an increase of intellectual culture beyond a certain point. Dr. Johnson observed, with his usual soundness and sententiousness: "A man is in general better pleased when there is a good dinner on the table than when his wife knows Greek." This is undoubtedly true, and most women try to adapt themselves to men. The minority of women who feel that they are not mere "helpmeets," actual or potential, but that they exist for their own sake and owe duties to themselves, reprehend this view as the outcome of sexual selfishness. It is to this minority that the efforts for higher education that are so marked a feature of contemporary culture are very largely due. We may admit the selfishness of the common masculine view without thereby admitting that women are at present under-educated for their own usefulness or their own happiness. A distinguished German who visited this country shrewdly remarked as the result of his observations that there was more culture among American women than among American men. Reflection will confirm the justice of this remark. Matthew Arnold's definition of "culture" as a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world is rather narrow, because it is quite evident that the critic was thinking of literature alone. If we broaden it so as to include an appreciation of the best that has been done in the world in all arts, there can be no dispute that this appreciation is far more diffused among American women than among American men.

For one man in ordinary business, or even professional, life who takes a real interest in the things of the mind, and has any conscientiousness in his desire to "admire rightly," there are at least ten women. In literature and in music the proportion is probably much greater. American men who are themselves distinctly interested in culture do not appreciate this if they live in cities like New York and Boston, for the reason that they are tolerably sure to come to know a considerable number of other men like minded. But any publisher who has tried to educate the public taste, and any musician who has made a similar endeavor in his own art, would tell the male dilettanti that if he relied upon their support he would go into bankruptcy. It is to the women even of the cities that the best in literature and in art makes its most hopeful appeal. Of course, this remark does not apply to "society" in the esoteric sense in which society means the small collection of people who make a business of pleasure, having no other business. In this country at least, society in this sense is entirely frivolous and uncultivated, as it is also in England, according to English observers. But the wives, and much more the daughters, of Americans who work for their living are almost sure to be the superiors of the men in general culture. The difference is more obvious in small towns than in large cities. It is quite possible to find American villages in which there is not a man who knows the difference between good and bad in any art, and in which there are a dozen or a score of women capable of this discrimination. The reason for this difference is not far to seek. It is an old saying that this country is alone both in having no "leisure class" and in having a "leisure sex." To many young American women such culture as they have attained is not merely a superficial accomplishment, to be paraded in talk, but it is the very substance of their being. Sympathy, however, is even more necessary to women in the pursuit of any branch of knowledge than it is to men. A scholarly man, dropped into a remote community in which nobody shares his tastes or takes any interest in his pursuits, must be an exceptional man if he does not allow his scholarship to rust. Much more forlorn is the fate of a cultivated woman who marries an uncultivated man, as the great majority of cultivated American women are forced to do for lack of cultivated American men to marry. The husband, if he be an average American, is

a well-disposed person, but he cherishes a tacit contempt for those things that his wife knows and he does not know, upon the ground that there is "no money in them," so that she gets no sympathy in the quarter to which she must look for sympathy. If she be not naturally her husband's intellectual superior, her studies have made her a better equipped and more highly civilized human being. She is shut up to the alternatives of developing her intellectual life by herself, or of permitting it to die out. This is a dismal and to many women a tragical choice. Many thousands of American women have had to make it. So long as this is the common experience, it can hardly be said that there is any urgent demand for the higher education of American women.

The Sense of Order....Its Eternal Reign....The St. Louis Republic

The sense of order exists to some extent in every human mind, even in the minds of the insane. It seems to be an acquirement, or, rather, an impression capable of being realized as an acquirement. It is of the highest importance, though comparatively little attention has been paid to it by thinkers. Its connection with industrial invention, with scientific discovery, with the attainment of juster views of social relations, leading to a larger liberty for the individual, and greater comfort for the mass, is so intimate that it is more a question of politics and of the economy of every-day life than of abstract psychology. A just view of it might do much to determine true methods of education. It is evident that men from their earliest infancy are educated by everything in the world around them, provided they are in any way impressed by them. How far and how well they are educated seems to depend on how far they are capable of receiving and retaining such impressions from their own experience or that of others. Nothing could be more wonderful than the way in which natural objects are arranged by the laws of their growth, or of their combination to impress the receptive mind with the sense of perfect order existing as a part of the largest liberty of nature. In winter the moisture which is condensed on the window pane, forms there in crystals, which are found under the microscope to derive their beauty from their exact mathematical shapes. They form mathematical figures which were perfectly familiar long before the microscope was invented—an illustration of the origin of all

our mathematical knowledge in the laws of order which govern everything in the world around us. As our knowledge increases in every direction we see more of the simplicity of order in apparent confusion and complexity. The microscope shows it in the infinitely little; the telescope suggests it, and enables us to partly realize it in the infinitely great. But it thrusts itself on us everywhere, or else we could have had neither telescope, microscope, nor any other invention which depends on the sense of order. The weeds which grow in waste places impress us as disorderly because we attach the idea of inconvenience to them; but each one of them, if it have freedom of growth, is a wonderful example of perfect order. A very common weed, so despised that it is called "hog weed" by the farmers of some localities, is a beautiful example of the same order which appears in the crystallization of carbon to form the diamond. The leaf-group forming its head makes from tip to tip of the leaf a perfectly symmetrical diamond-shaped figure. In other words, the leaf-group forms the square on the pentagon. In many flowers four oval petals are so arranged that from tip to tip of petal they fall into an exact square. This orderly arrangement becomes everywhere so apparent under observation that the mind is carried at once to the conclusion that it is universal, that the seeming exceptions to it will fall into the rule as knowledge of the rule in its application increases. If it is not self-evident, it is at least reasonable that our sense and ideas of beauty are derived from the impressions made upon us, from the education given to us or to others in the past, and preserved for us from this source. With singular aptness the Greeks called the expression of the sense of the beautiful "poetry," or the "art of making." A steam-engine is not less a poem than a sonnet. It is, in fact, a greater poem than any sonnet, being a more accurate expression of the sense of the order on which depends for us both the beautiful and the useful. If it is true that we have been educated into some knowledge of mathematics by the order of the world around us, then the engine-maker and the poet are both giving different forms of expression to the same idea, and derived from the same source.

MOTHER CREWE'S LAST CURSE*

S'uth'ard Howland's outlying nook was a piece of woodland, ten acres, on the Carver road. One day he rode out to view it, and arrange for its being staked off and fenced. The land was where he expected to find it, but nearly in the center stood a dilapidated and squalid cabin, with a thread of peaty smoke curling out of its lath-and-plaster chimney.

"What's this! Who's trespassing on my property?" demanded S'uth'ard, angrily, of his companion, one Henchman, who combined the duties of bailiff, surveyor, amateur attorney, and confidential adviser. He was a useful little man, but neither dignified nor comely, possessing a mean figure, red hair, squinting green eyes, and a squeaky, false voice.

"Why, this is the residence of Madam Crewe, Squire," replied he now, with a sniggering laugh. "Witch Crewe, they call her commonly; she has resided here for some years, and I believe had this mansion erected"—

"Stop your fooling, and tell me how it is I did not know she was still here?" demanded S'uth'ard, the veins in his throat swelling, a purplish flush mounting to his forehead.

"Well, Squire, I must say it's a little unreasonable to make me accountable for your not knowing anything," replied Henchman, his own face turning green.

Howland glared at him for a moment, but after considering, he rode up to the door of the cabin, and with his whip-handle beat a summons. It was immediately answered, for the door flew open, and upon the threshold appeared the bent and decrepit figure of mother Crewe, leaning upon her staff, and with Milcom, her cat, perched upon her shoulder.

Great age had reduced the old woman's flesh to color of parchment, clinging to the bones of face and neck and hands much in the grewsome fashion of a mummy, while from the deep caverns, whither they had retreated, her eyes gleamed with malevolent energy, and her toothless jaws, silently working as she gazed upon her visitor, seemed, as they had years before, to be chewing the curses they would presently emit.

"Well, man of violence and wrath, what do you want here?"

* From "Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters." A Story of the Old Colony. By Jane G. Austin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The time is about 1777.

"What do I want!" demanded he. "Do you know this is my land, woman, and that you have no more right to put a house here than you have to come and sit by my fireside?"

"Your fireside will soon be desolate, S'uth'ard Howland, soon, soon! The shadow is almost even with your lips, and it rises,—rises fast."

"None of your witch-talk to me, woman," replied Howland, involuntarily raising his hand to his face, and seeming to brush away something. "I'm not to be frightened out of my rights in that way, I can promise you. I tell you again this land is mine. You'll have to vacate, and that at once. This day week, the plough will be running over the spot you stand on. You understand, do you, mother Crewe?"

"This day week, this day week, man of violence and wrath, they will dig your grave on Burying Hill. I see it, I hear it, I smell the fresh earth they throw out. Go, poor wretch, go make your peace, and set your house in order; this day week, yes—the shadow rises, rises to your lips,—go!"

She stretched out her claw-like hand, she raised her glittering eyes, and a strange shudder shook her frame from head to foot, while Milcom, standing upon her shoulder, his legs and tail stiffened like iron, and his green eyes ablaze, uttered a long wail of demoniac meaning.

Terror, shame, superstition, and a thwarted will are powerful factors to work in a haughty and uncontrolled nature. As they rose tumultuously in S'uth'ard Howland's blood they heated it to such a point that the man lost all control of himself; and lifting his clenched hand above his head he swore a terrible, a blasphemous oath, that before the next day's sun should set, his land should be rid of this insolent intruder, her hovel should be leveled with the dust, and she herself, burnt as a witch, or driven from the town at the cart's tail.

Mother Crewe listened, and ever as she listened laid her ear to Milcom's mouth as if from his wailings she gained counsel. When at last, choked with his own rage, and foaming at the mouth, Howland gasped into silence, the hag raised her bent form with a power none could have imagined remained in its sinews, and with glazed eyes seemed to look upon some scene pictured in the green gloom of the forest before her. Then slowly pointing, she said:—

"Carry him home—the gate will do—come wife—come sister—children—scream, cover your eyes—die, poor maid,

broken by the curse on Ansel Ring—killed by the curse on S'uth'ard Howland—die, poor maid, for the sins of others"—

But at this moment, Howland, with a sort of scream of rage, uplifted his hand and tried to force his horse nearer to the door, for what purpose no one need to guess, for it was never accomplished, the horse rearing and plunging in such fashion that the rider's attention and wrath was presently absorbed by him. Before the contest was finished Mother Crewe had disappeared and the door was closed.

"Come away, Squire, come away!" exclaimed HENCHMAN, his green-hued cheeks and chattering teeth betraying a real and absorbing terror. "There's no credit and no profit in fighting witches. Come away and let her alone, she can't live long, and she can't hurt the land"—

"Hold your tongue, HENCHMAN! Here, hold on! Here's a writ I got ready before I came,—a writ of ejectment—here, go you, since this cursed brute won't let me, go you and serve on her, and tell her that at noon to-morrow I shall be here to take possession, with mien enough to do my bidding, and that by one hour after noon both she and her cabin will be gone. Tell her that. I'll ride on and cool my blood a little."

"That's the best thing you can do," replied HENCHMAN, a good deal relieved; and when he overtook his employer he reported cheerfully, "I couldn't get the old lady to open the door, but I bawled my message in at the crack, and shoved the writ under the door. I guess she'll make a moonlight flitting."

"Whatever she does, see that you, with a couple of strong laborers, are at the corner of the wood-road turning up to her hut before noon to-morrow," said HOWLAND, as he left.

"I was in hopes you'd give it up, Squire," said the bailiff in a low tone as the next day his employer drew rein at the spot where he on horseback, with two stalwart fellows afoot, rested in the shade of a clump of scrub-oaks.

"I never give up anything," replied HOWLAND, taking off his three-cornered hat and wiping his crimson forehead.

And the lover of land rode on, his mouth set in a hard straight line, his eyes red and gloomy, his face flushed darkly. It was indeed a hot day, of that stifling and breathless quality of heat which comes in late summer and early autumn, the dog-day heat so rife with disease and lassitude.

"The bayberries smell like folks that's laid out," remarked one of the workmen who, with axe on shoulder, plodded along

after Henchman. The latter suddenly turned an angry face upon him and hissed out, to his great surprise,—

“Hold your tongue, you fool!”

But the Squire, riding silent and absorbed at the head of the little troop, heard nothing or made no sign.

Arrived in the clearing, Henchman looked anxiously at the hut, hoping to see some sign of surrender and vacation, but the thin column of peat-smoke curled up as before, the door was close shut, and nothing had been moved or altered.

Closing his mouth still more rigidly Howland rode up to the door and struck it with his whip-handle, not in the impatient fashion of yesterday, but three solemn, menacing blows.

Again the door fell open at his summons, and upon the threshold stood mother Crewe, with Milcom on her shoulder. For a moment the two regarded each other silently, and the thick yellow air seemed to shut down upon them like a pall.

“Well, woman! You have had your summons, and you are not gone,” said Howland at length in a suppressed voice of wrath and determination kept down for the moment.

“My summons! 'Tis your summons that's in the air, man, and you will soon be gone. The shadow is at your lips, and with every breath you draw it in.”

“Enough, enough of this fool's play!” burst out the man.

“For God's sake, Squire, control yourself!” cried Henchman at last, even his feeble nature stirred to horror at the other's frenzy. “Here, we'll end it all! Men, pull the cabin down around the old witch's ears! You've warrant for it—here goes!” And seated as he was on horseback the lawyer sent his heel against the shutter securing the window-place and drove it in. The men silently obeyed both word and example, the one whirling his axe and making a breach in the chimney, and the other attacking the roof.

Then the old witch once more raised herself to that terrible vigor of yesterday,—a supernatural vigor, as those who saw it felt and shuddered.

“Wait! Hold your hands, you hirelings, while I speak to your master! Man of violence, hear me. You have been warned, you have had a night for penitence, you had dreams—yes, I see them in your eyes now—well, in spite of them, in spite of all, you persist—you rush on your own destruction—the shadow is darkening your brain but still you persist—oh, man—one word, before it is too late—speak!”

She raised her arm high above her head, the forefinger flickering like the tongue of a snake. Bursting with a fearful gasp the weight that seemed to paralyze his every power, Howland cried in a voice, hoarse and agonized:

"Set fire to it! Burn the witch and her house together!"

"Enough! The measure is filled up, running over!" cried mother Crewe in terrible exultation. "Man! I curse you living, I curse you dying, I curse you here, I curse you"—

But why repeat the awful words at sound of which these strong men shuddered, and closing their ears retreated, leaving the curser and cursed alone in that strange yellow light, that looked and felt like smoldering fire. Was it the woman or was it the cat that induced that final catastrophe, none can tell. But all at once, and when the foul flood of curses was at its height, Milcom sprang from his mistress' shoulder to the flank of the irritable horse, and so drove him out of his senses that with a wild cry and bound of mortal terror, he broke from all control, and darting down the steep path was lost to sight.

They followed him as fast as they could, and had not far to follow, for at the turn where the woodpath joined the road, they came upon Howland lying beneath the scrub-oaks.

The lawyer knelt down, looked at the eyes, laid a hand upon the heart, held a hair before the parted lips; then he rose with a white, scared face, and turned to his men.

"We can't put him on a horse. Go find a gate."

"There's a gate down here a piece into the doctor's woodlot," said one man, edging toward the road.

"Go and get it, and mind you come back with it. No, stop, you'd run away; I'll go with you—come on!"

And so the dead man lay alone in the strange yellow light when down the road hobbled mother Crewe, her cat gliding beside her, her staff in her hand. Beside the dead man she paused a little moment, looking fixedly at his face, angry in its rigidity, but with a ghastly yellow stealing over the purple flush of brow and cheeks.

"Ay, ay, it had to be, man, it had to be, and we shall meet before this time to-morrow. Better for you than me then, perhaps, but what has to be will be. And muttering and mewing, the old woman and her cat plunged into the woods and were gone before the men returned, bearing the gate.

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES

The period of "a generation" has been lengthened; it used to be thirty years and was later increased to 34; now, a scientist says, the average term of human life has increased in the last fifty years from 34 to 42 years. . . . The State of Washington, it is claimed, has more coal than Pennsylvania, more pine than Maine, and more fish than Massachusetts. . . . In the vast majority of luminous animals, the phosphorescent light is useful only in guiding one sex in its search for the other, and this is probably the case with deep-sea fish as well as with terrestrial creatures. . . . The population of London is greater than that of Norway and Sweden combined. . . . Dr. Koch's paratoid, or consumption cure, is composed of the ptomaines of tubercular bacilli, which is a poison as violent as the venom of a serpent, cyanide of gold and glycerine; the glycerine preserves the ptomaines and the gold gives the liquid its brownish color. . . . There are, still, vacant public lands in the United States amounting to 586,216,861 acres, exclusive of the undesirable domains in Alaska, and not counting the Indian reservations, some of which are already falling into the general territory of the nation.

The records of insurance companies of the United States show that the American man lives longer than men of the same race in the Old World. . . . The base of celluloid is common paper; by action of sulphuric and nitric acids it is changed to gun cotton, then dried, ground, and mixed with from twenty to forty per cent. of camphor, after which it is ground fine, colored with powder colors, cast in sheets, pressed very hard, and at last baked between sets of superheated rollers. . . . Animal and vegetable life has been found at the greatest ocean depths, and very abundant down to 3,000 fathoms. . . . The English Channel at its narrowest breadth is twenty and a quarter miles across. . . . In a criminal lately beheaded in France, the beats of the heart were noted during more than six minutes, and experiments were made to demonstrate the independence of the ventricular and articular contractions; this is the first time such observations were ever made on man. . . . Glue from whale-refuse is a new

* Compiled expressly for CURRENT LITERATURE.

article of commerce made in Russia....Germany employs 5,500,000 women in industrial pursuits; England, 4,000,000; France, 3,750,000....The time a medical student has to spend in college is:—Austria, five years before obtaining his degree; Belgium requires eight; Canada, four; Denmark, seven; England, four; France, four; Holland, eight; Hungary, five; Italy, eight; Norway, eight; Portugal, five; Russia, five; Spain, two; Sweden, ten; Switzerland, eight; and the United States, three or four....According to the assertion of the eminent physiologist, Sappy, the stomach contains 5,000,000 glands by which gastric juice is secreted.

Eels contain as much poison as vipers, according to an Italian scientist; after careful investigation, he finds that an eel weighing four pounds possesses enough venom to kill ten men; when the fish is cooked, however, the poison loses its power....It is estimated that Indian wars have cost the United States Government \$700,000,000....The Statistical Institute of Rome announces that 63 per cent. of all Italians are unable to read and write....Sir John Lubbock kept a queen bee for 15 years, a test proving her eggs to be just as fertile at that age as they were 12 years before....Africa has an area of 11,000,000 square miles; it is larger than any other continent except Asia, and is 234 times the size of the State of New York; it presents a unique field for the geographical distribution of animals, as out of its total of 523 species, 472 are peculiar to that country....The China sea and the Bay of Fundy are the two roughest seas in the world.

The sun gives 600,000 times as much light as the full moon; 7 billion times as much as the brightest star in the sky, and 36 million times as much as all the stars in the heavens combined; in size the sun equals 1,300,000 earths, but owing to its smaller density its weight equals only 300,000 earths....Statistics show that men of thought live on an average, three years and a half longer than men in ordinary vocations....The most expensive drug is physostigmine, two ounces of which would cost nearly \$2,000,000; it is a preparation from the calabar bean and is used in eye diseases....The saltiest body of water in the world is the Lake of Urumia, in Persia; the salt in the water analyzes 22 per cent., which is greater than that of the Dead Sea.

CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

The Day We Bade Adieu.....Allan Ramsay....Vanity Fair

Rapt in immensity the sun
Still lingered, tho' the day was done,
The day we bade adieu.
Pensive, as even out of space,
Reluctant, with a weary grace,
I watched you pass from view.

I saw you in the waning light
Go up the hill and out of sight
Like some celestial trance.
Then all grew dim ; my severed path
Led down a forest vale, and hath
Been shaded ever since.

I wondered what the years would do,
When you were gone. To be with you
Was such a peace serene ;
And even now I scarce can look
On any little flower or book,
Remembrance is so keen.

Watching The World Go By.....Meredith Nicholson.....Kansas City Star

Swift as a meteor, and as quickly gone,
A train of cars darts swiftly through the night
Scorning the wood and field, it hurries on,
A thing of wrathful might.

There, from a farmer's home a woman's eyes,
Roused by a sudden jar and passing flare,
Follow the speeding phantom till it dies,—
An echo on the air.

Narrow the life that always has been hers,
The evening brings a longing to her breast ;
Deep in her heart some aspiration stirs
And mocks her soul's unrest.

Her tasks are mean and endless as the days,
And sometimes love cannot repay all things ;
An instrument that, rudely touched, obeys,
Becomes discordant strings.

The train that followed in the headlight's flare,
Bound for the city and a larger world,
Made emphasis of her poor life of care,
As from her sight it whirled.

Thus from all lonely hearts the great earth rolls,
Indifferent though one woman grieve and die;
Along its iron track are many souls
That watch the world go by.

The Rosicrucians.....Anne Sheldon Coombs.....Manhattan Magazine

"Life has grown gray," sings the poet,
The lamp of the present burns low;
The light of the future, none know it,
The past, a lost glory doth show.
We drag through our pallid existence;
We grope through the gloom of to-day;
The light that shines on from the distance,
But deepens the shade of our way.

Ashes of roses! we mutter,
With smiles deeply drowned in our tears;
Bitter the words that we utter,
Bitter our days and our years.
Oh, life! filled with music and pleasant
When Time, now grown weary, was young,
We catch through the sight of the present
A snatch of the song that was sung.

Aye, often the poet hath caught it,
And sung it in tunes thrilling sweet,
And with his wild fancies inwrought it
To die in a measure too fleet;
But thou! oh, my vision of splendor!
Didst come from the realms of the past,
With hands full of gifts, thus to render,
Our days not all joyless at last.

From the sea of the Greek, where the Venus
Turned foam white to rose with her smile;
From the bosky greensward where Silenus
Laughed out at the Oread's wile;
From the Nile, where the lotus lies sleeping,
A moonbeam struck through to its heart;

From the sands where the dumb Sphinx is keeping
In silence her terrible art.

From the stone statues, solemn and frowning,
Whose lips broke in music when dawn
With flame their grave foreheads came crowning
'To waken a soul with the morn—
Aye, back from the hush of creation,
Where God stayed his hand in delight,
Thou bringest thy strange revelation
From dawn to illumine our night.

All love thee, but none can express thee,
Or pierce to the core of thy heart;
The poet in dreams may half guess thee,
And faintly divine what thou art.
But the song that would sing thee is broken,
The lips quiver once and are still,
And thy mystery, ever unspoken,
Is left for the future to fill.

On thy breast is the Red Cross eternal
That never a mortal may see,
Its meaning, supreme and supernal,
Is known to no being but thee.
Thy secret, O strange Rosicrucian,
Thou guardest with honor and well;
None know that thou holdest solution
Of earth and of heaven and hell!

One Year Ago....Christopher Christian Cox....Poems

What stars have faded from our sky!
What hopes unfolded but to die?
What dreams so fondly pondered o'er
Forever lost the hue they wore:
How like a death-knell, sad and slow,
Rolls through the soul, "one year ago!"

Where is the face we loved to greet?
The form that graced the fireside seat?
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That blessed our life-path day by day?
Where fled those accents soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "one year ago?"

Ah ! vacant is the fireside chair,
The smile that won no longer there ;
From door and hall, from porch and lawn,
The echo of that voice is gone,
And we who linger only know
How much was lost "one year ago!"

Beside her grave the marble white
Keeps silent guard by day and night ;
Serene she sleeps, nor heeds the tread
Of footsteps near her lowly bed ;
Her pulseless breast no more may know
The pangs of life "one year ago."

But why repine ? A few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led
To that far world rejoicing go
To which she passed "one year ago."

To the Unattainable....E. Nesbit....Longman's Magazine

Dear, how many the songs I bring to you
Woven of dream-stuffs, pleasure, and pain,
All the songs of my life I sing to you,
And you hear and answer again.
Though no rhyme do your dear lips say to me,
Yet, my poet, sweet songs you bring ;
When you smile, then the angels play to me
Tunes to the silent songs you sing.

All my soul goes forth in a song to you,
All my deeds for your sake are done,
All my laurels and bays belong to you,
In your name are my battles won.
Just by living you make my life dear to me,
Though your lips never speak my name ;
'Tis your hands that in dreams appear to me,
Bringing me all that I ask of fame.

VANITY FAIR: FADS AND FASHIONS

In Miss Parvenue's Boudoir....Modern Luxury....New York Sun

An American princess whose father is a cotton king, has just completed in the paternal mansion the furnishing of her private apartments. They are four in number, and could Ninon de l'Enclos or even the late Madame de Pompadour be shown through, certain it is these ancient devotees of the toilet would lose their heads and stand embarrassed before the glories of Miss Parvenue's boudoir. Even in their loftiest dreams those luxury-loving ladies never conceived the minute details of elegance surrounding this daughter of a millionaire. From the silver-wreathed Psyche mirror that swings to reflect her full-length loveliness, to the repoussé spirit lamp burning to warm her lotions, mademoiselle is encompassed by a sumptuousness unknown to queens. The scheme of color decorating the suite warms from white to plush pink in the bath, and in toilet and reception rooms melts into a rosy lilac. Her bedchamber might have been designed for Hans Anderson's snow maiden, so fine is its immaculate purity. Mural decorations are in white and silver. On the wide silver frieze dogwood blossoms bloom, while by a wonderful bit of fresco painting the ceiling seems enveloped in a cloudy, drifting fog. Here and there the soft mist curls about vaguely outlined figures, with a sharp rift in the center from which hangs a crystal chandelier blown to resemble a bouquet of lilies. All of the white enameled furniture is finished in silver, and from the carved bed depend heavy draperies of silk brocaded in silver fleur-de-lis. The spotless fleece of Iceland sheep provides a fluffy carpet for the hard white wood floor, and glancing over the many tall screens, low rocking chairs, long divans, and even rare bas-reliefs on the wall, one is impressed with the dazzling whiteness of every part. Gorgeous as the bathroom proves, with its pink marble and roseate hangings, it is in her boudoir that this young moneyed woman has evidently found her most sympathetic surroundings. The apartment is a study in that rare shade of rosy lilac which, when found, beautifies all womankind. It is called the wisteria room, from the wealth of pale purple flowers decorating the walls and woven into curtains, and through the mesh of the thick carpet. Here all the wood

work is of black mahogany, upholstered in warm heliotrope silk, with many bronze ornaments, valuable etchings by modern masters, and mirrors in exquisitely carved frames.

The Domestic Purse Strings....Alice E. Ives....The Forum

The effect on the unborn child of certain emotions experienced by the mother can no longer be relegated to the vagaries of old wives' tales, since scientists are everywhere establishing its truth. If the mother has a strong temptation to steal, even though she does not do so, the child's force of resistance may be so weak as to give way before the temptation. If the mother does actually commit theft, the child, unless the resisting powers are unusually developed, will be still more likely to be a thief. The polite term is "kleptomania," but as this is regulated by the social condition of the offender, it is not used in a plain statement of the facts. A lady in good standing saw her son led off to serve a sentence in prison. As she turned sorrowfully away, she said to a friend: "Before he was born, I wanted a little embroidered blanket that especially pleased me. I knew we could very well afford it, but my husband thought otherwise. I could not get over thinking of it, though, and one night I took the money from his pockets and bought it. Just as soon as my boy began to take things that did not belong to him, I knew, O God! [with a burst of sobs] I knew what I had done." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to cite further instances of this sort. The papers are full of stories of women who get their milliners to send in a bill of forty dollars instead of thirty, the real price, in order to take the extra ten to themselves; of those who overtax their tired eyes and exhausted bodies by taking in sewing without their husbands' knowledge; and of the farmers' wives who smuggle apples and eggs into town in order to get a few dollars that they can call their own. What are the facts to be deduced from all this? First, that this system of regarding the wife as financially and morally irresponsible is a serious evil, to be looked squarely in the face and honestly dealt with. The mother who is obliged to lie and steal in order to possess any money of her own, will, in all probability, be the mother of criminals. They may never see the interior of a prison, but they will be criminals in their dealings with their fellow men. At the best, they will have very vague ideas of moral responsibility. The woman who

has no knowledge of her husband's financial interests; who, instead of being his confidential partner, is his pensioner, will, if she gets the opportunity, in nine cases out of ten, ruin him through her ignorance. A vague, unknown pile of money, from which you can filch by wheedling or cheating, is so shadowy in its outlines as to be well-nigh inexhaustible. Like a corporation, it has no soul, and is to be taken advantage of as much as possible. If the widow of a man who has treated her as a totally irresponsible being is left penniless, perhaps with children to support, she becomes, in many instances, an object of charity. In some cases she develops unusual business abilities, but she has to starve herself and her children while she is rectifying mistakes, and learning by experience certain things which should have been a part of her daily life as soon as she became a wife. Young women who are self-reliant and earn good salaries often shrink from marriage, because they cannot bear to be so dependent. There ought to be no grounds for this fear; and with many delicate-minded, broad-souled, deep-thinking men there are none, because, to such a man, the wife is an equal sharer in all things, in his purse as well as in his heart. Still, one cannot blame independent women for hesitating before they take a leap in the dark. The methods employed by women in raising money for churches and charities are continually the subject of satire and condemnation by the other sex. Why will they persist in these methods? The better to illustrate, it is necessary once more to employ anecdote. "Why in the world will women go on getting up these tiresome church fairs and festivals?" asked a gentleman a short time since. "They use up valuable time and wear themselves out in making things, and then they go and buy the same things back. Why do they not just put their names down for a certain amount of money and let it go at that?" If this gentleman had been at the sewing society the next day, he might have heard the answer to his question. His wife pledged herself to furnish for the coming festival a certain number of tea biscuits, a large cake, several pounds of coffee, and other articles. "You know," she said to a friend, "one can send these things out of the house just as well as not, but if I were to ask my husband to give the money he might open his eyes a little." This sentiment was the underlying reason why nearly every woman there pledged provisions and cooked dishes instead of

money. When the time came, their lords could do nothing less than to come down to the church parlors, take supper, and pay for the coffee, chicken salad, and cake which had come out of their own larders. Each one paid five or six times the value of his supper in the provisions furnished, and gave his wife's time and energies into the bargain. But he was still blissfully unconscious of how much he contributed to that church debt. "But I would rather be deceived than bullied by my wife," said a gentleman the other day. It would seem that when either course is necessary the financial part of our marriage customs needs reform. What is the remedy? One method would be the granting to the wife of a stated weekly or monthly allowance, for the household and other uses, in proportion to the income of the husband. To the man who says, "But I cannot pay my wife like a servant," the answer must be, Certainly not. She is a partner, and as such is entitled to a share in the dividends. To the end that she may make the best use of such moneys, she should know what she is to expect each week. Undoubtedly the ideal remedy is perfect trust, confidence, and a higher moral development, for both men and women; but while mankind is moving steadily on to this, the weaker must not be always going to the wall, for the lack of a protecting hand. No woman ought to marry without having some understanding with her future husband on this point. She need not take pencil and paper and make him set down the exact figures of her weekly allowance, but should let him thoroughly understand that she expects one. Any young girl should beware of the man who considers women irresponsible creatures; for no matter how tender and considerate the master may be, no enlightened human being is happy as a slave. If she has enough to eat, to drink, and to wear, her soul will be dwarfed till not enough is left to pay for the saving; or else, if she be like Nora in the "Doll's House," some day she will rise up and say, "I must go away and find myself."

Measuring Out Beauty....Fred. C. Dayton....American Press Association

The first man known to have officiated as judge of a beauty show was that old-time dude Paris, the famous son of Priam. Each of the three aspirants for the prize—the golden apple of discord—offered the gay young Trojan huge bribes. Juno's tender was dominion over Asia and wealth; Minerva's

military renown and wisdom ; Venus, the fairest of females for his wife. The prince was at an age when "woman's looks were all his books," and he decided in favor of the Queen of Love. She paid the specified price for her triumph, and Paris ran away with Helen. The two defeated goddesses took revenge for the "injury of their slighted forms." They manage affairs of this kind better in these later and more practical days—that is, at least Dr. D. A. Sargent, of the Harvard University gymnasium, does. Three years ago the doctor offered cash prizes for the man and woman, students of his system of physical culture, who could show, at an examination to be held in the summer of 1890, the most perfect symmetry of form, the candidates to be between the ages of 17 and 30. Three thousand persons entered the contest. It was one entirely different from that in which Paris came to grief. Their was no chance for bribery or favoritism. When the lists closed and the period of probationary exercise ended, each fair maiden and stalwart youth was subjected to what is known as the percentile system. The tape of the scientist regarded not bright smiles or anxious looks. It went on recording, person by person, every item of size. Here is the list of measurements :

Height—Standing, sitting, knee, pubic arch and sternum.

Girth—Head, neck, chest, waist, hips, thighs, knees, calf, instep, upper arm, elbow, forearm, and wrist.

Depth—Chest and abdomen.

Breadth—Head, neck, shoulders, waist, hips, shoulder to elbow.

Also length of foot, horizontal length and stretch of arms.

The female winner under these exacting conditions was Miss Margaret Blanche Best, of Meadville, Pa. She is the daughter of Dr. David Best, a graduate of La Salle seminary, at Auburndale, Mass., and follows the calling of a teacher. She is 25 years old, and has been one of Dr. Sargent's pupils for twelve months. The doctor said recently : "Miss Best is 5 feet 5 inches in height. My tables show that $82\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all women are shorter than she is, and $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. are taller. Her weight is 130 pounds. My tables show that $82\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all women weigh less, and $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. weigh more. That is, with all other women to judge from, Miss Best's height and weight are in just the same proportion ; in other words symmetrical." The preceptor, naturally, would give no details in inches of the other measurements. Henry C. Jackson, who gained the prize offered to men, is

said to approach much nearer the standard of perfection than Miss Best. He is a Bowdoin college student and a trained athlete. His height is 6 feet 1 inch, and his weight 185 pounds. When asked the question, "Which is more symmetrically developed as a class, man or woman?" Dr. Sargent replied: "Man. Yet, notwithstanding generations of stays and corsets, and all the inflictions of dress, the average woman has a much more symmetrical form than those published caricatures that pass for fashion plates would make us believe." There is a remarkable fact to be noted in connection with Dr. Sargent's contest. If Mr. Jackson's proportions are to be accepted as standard for the typical American, then the fully developed citizen of the United States has not his equal on the globe in stature. Anthropometry—the measurement of man—has for some years been the study of scientists, and one of them, Dr. A. Weisbach, chief physician to the Austro-Hungarian hospital at Constantinople, who enjoyed exceptional advantages, has taken measurements of several hundreds of persons representing nineteen different peoples. His report gives heights in millimeters. A millimeter is .03937 of an inch. Jackson is 73 inches tall, or nearly 1,855 millimeters, and here is the way he towers above other race types whose stature is set down in Dr. Weisbach's statistics:

Henry C. Jackson, of Maine.....	1,855
New Zealand Maoris.....	1,757
Kaffirs of Africa.....	1,753
Norwegians.....	1,728
Scotch.....	1,708
Swedes.....	1,700
English and Irish.....	1,690
Danes.....	1,685
Germans.....	1,680
Italians.....	1,668
French.....	1,667
Spanish and Portuguese.....	1,658
Hebrews.....	1,599

What an iconoclast science is! In some phases of its research it would seem to be a sworn foe to sentiment and romance. Now that Dr. Sargent's new style of beauty contest—where inexorable weights and measures reign—has come into vogue, the verdict of the eye must be regarded with distrust. It will be safe no longer for Mr. Ginty to declare that Sallie Waters is the finest girl in town, for Captain Jinks may be expected to respond at once: "No sir;

you are mistaken. Her measurements, according to the percentile system, do not come within ten marks of those that record the superb lines of the peerless Annie Laurie."

Maids and Matrons in Society....Mrs. Burton Harrison....North American

No feature of our sociology is more fruitful in flippant comment than the national attitude toward the young girl alleged by certain critics to be the actual disposer of our social destinies. It has proved useless to suggest to commentators upon our body social that a distinction must be drawn between the refined daughter of a cultivated home, hedged in, from birth, with every nicety of influence and education, and the bogie of modern novels and essays who is accepted as our "type." To the enthusiasts who yearly undertake to condense America into paragraphs, or expand it into chapters, it makes very little difference where they place the caricature their souls delight in. One of the latest specimens of this sort of writing is to be found in the pages of "*Les Americaines Chez Fux*," a publication from the pen of the Marquise de San Carlos. After describing the *vie intime* of a New York family of wealth, the members of which, "arising at seven o'clock, the hour of going to bed the night before," consume a breakfast "of bleeding meats, tea, coffee, warm heavy pastry called hot rolls, and iced water," then scatter, the men to business, the women to spend the day in shopping, for the pleasure of "carrying parcels home through the street," or at numerous "receptions,"—with an account of the dinner, eaten in silence and followed by an exhibition of the master of the house, sitting, absorbed in thoughts of his affairs, with his heel on the mantel-piece until it is time to go to his "agitated sleep." Another specimen of free-handed criticism is from the letter of a German gentleman of good education to a friend: "In the United States callers in the evening are received by the young lady of the family, seated in the 'parlor' in her rocking-chair, after her father and mother have retired upstairs; she is very agreeable and entirely at ease; if one remains till ten o'clock, when the rest of the house is wrapped in slumber, he will be asked before leaving to turn out the gas in the hall, and his young hostess will, with her own fair hand, put up the night-latch when he goes." The further away society is found from the fountain-heads of coercive custom, the more ardent among us is the

worship of the girl fetic. We have in America fewer examples, perhaps, of that refinement in woman which comes of practice in all the arts of society in an ancient civilization; but the general average of manner resulting from purity of mind and an intellectual training may be claimed to be higher here than in any other country of the world. And that is an end sought to be reached by institutions of Republican equality. Innocent in thought and unconscious of danger, the American girl-sovereign, without intention of being defiant, does not know the meaning of the word conventionality. It was of such a one in the Southwest, where he had known her, that a young American discussing the type, when asked in an English drawing-room, "Can you trust your men in such a case?" said, with dignity, "We can trust our young girls in such a case and always." Another lantern is now turned upon the path where are soon to be marshalled the hosts of home-keeping matrons who have so long and so bravely borne the burden of domesticity, uncheered from without. The leader of society in Newville, let us say, has become a diligent student of these strenuous little manuals which, like the peerages revised every year to date, our publishers of to-day provide in such apparently useless numbers. From one of these springs of wisdom he sips, to ascertain "it is no longer the mode to give preference to a miss over a married woman, if the latter be of the dancing age;" "the most recent bride should be led out to conduct the cotillon, or to head the march to supper;" "a married lady may now receive the calls of her gentlemen friends in the necessary absence of her husband, without subjecting herself to the criticism of the unkind." And, although the concession is rather cruelly limited by the text to the "dancing age" (whatever that may be), it is apparent that here the matron may read, at last, the decree of her emancipation. The fiat having gone forth, what a flutter in provincial dovecotes! Pastors, taking the alarm at this evolution from the peaceful joys of church fairs and "oyster box-lunches," embody in their sermons lurid mutterings against the decadence of true American womanhood. The question is discussed in woman's debating clubs, is peppered with Liliputian arrows of sarcasm from the "Stroller" or "Lounger" without whom no country paper nowadays deems itself complete; is made the occasion of more clack of tongues than a canvas of rival politicians.

Girls, enthroned yesterday in secure sovereignty, still toss their heads at the idea that a mere Mrs. Anybody is to come from nursery and storeroom to take a place in their free ranks. They can't imagine what Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson can find to say to a woman who has been married; and the real trouble of the situation is that Messrs. Jones and Robinson, although ambitious to conform to the requirements of metropolitan fashion, are secretly gnawed by the same distressing doubt. Sometimes an oldish woman who talks well, and gives a good cup of tea on Sunday afternoons, is not altogether overlooked by male beginners. And we have always with us the mature impressionist who scruples not to confess to every new acquaintance that her husband is a bore; who, like the illustrations in the journals of society, is forever posing amid cushions, under palms and lamps, her taste in men culminating in the very young ones who bleat their emotions in her ear. The recently-married, or the wife of a few years, young, joyous and captivating, seen in company surrounded by her husband's friends, himself among them, is forever pleasing to all men. Whether at dance or horse show, opera or drum, the woman most conspicuously followed and fêted by the other sex is, in nine cases out of ten, in marriage bonds.

Facial Massage....The Secret of Cheeks Like Roses....Boston Globe

Facial massage is the latest fad to assume great proportions. The masseur formerly worked for dear life from morn to midnight for bread and butter. Now he rides a fine animal in the park in the forenoon, lunches at Sherry's, drives in the afternoon and has the audacity to make many a fine lady await her turn in his chair. That is what it means to have control of a fad in Gotham. But the massage. I followed a charming belle and her maid to the place. It was a fine-looking private residence. There were no gilded signs about, but at the curb was a marble horse-block bearing the word "Dermatologist." My little lady gives her wraps to the maid and is placed on the chair, as if she were to have a tooth pulled. Every bit of the lovely gown is covered, and towels are tucked in around her throat. Steaming hot cloths are applied to her face for several minutes, to soften the cuticle, which is then washed with soap and water, that any after process might not rub any dirt into the pores, to make

unsightly blackheads. Then a preparation of oil is thoroughly kneaded into every muscle of the face. M. LeMassageur is fine looking, of course. For half an hour this delightful process goes on. The firm, white masculine fingers stroke the pretty cheeks and the white lids droop in languorous pleasure. To be sure, there must be a touch of the scientific, and this comes in the little instrument which is next used. Compression of a rubber bulb forces a vacuum in a glass bell and the flesh is drawn up into the interior of the bell. Atmospheric pressure dilates the capillary veins beneath and induces perfect circulation of the blood. This process is scientific to an extreme, yet withal very simple, as the doctor admits, and can be done as well and as readily by any one at home. It is demonstrated in old physiologies that after such treatment the skin becomes more than usually absorbent, and it is next treated to a bath of rose water and new milk, the favorite cosmetic of the famous Ninon d'Enclos. It is wonderful how those tiny coiled snakes that science calls sudorific, or sweat glands, will drink new milk. Put a drop of the liquid upon a piece of glass, and another upon the face, after a good rubbing. In two days the milk upon the glass will have evaporated and left a white residue, part cream, part sugar, part curd. In half an hour the little snakes will have licked up every trace of a similar drop on the face, and, of course, they grow fat, the muscles beneath fill out, and the cheeks become rounded and tinted as only nature can tint them. After the belle had laid a \$2 bill on a silver salver and departed, I said to M. LeMassageur that I noticed that New York Women generally have well-nourished facial muscles, and I asked him if massage was responsible for it. "No," he replied. "Not altogether. It's due to beer, too. Of course, you will find that malt liquors do not give strength. Some authorities will say they are unhealthy. But what does a girl care for strength? And as for health, not many of them seem very sickly, I assure you. Then they take lots of exercise and eat of good, plain food. More than one realizes, does the girl of to-day take heed that her food is nourishing and plentiful, and more and more is the roast beef of Old England becoming the food of Americans.

SOCIETY VERSE: FANCY FREE

A Reproach....Flavel Scott Mines....Munsey's Weekly

The room is ablaze with countless lights,
 The faces catch the glow ;
 Like the song of hidden water sprites
 The rythmic waltz strains flow.
 And I am one of a dozen men
 Who bow before your throne.
 Ah, Rosalie, I remember when
 I was the only one.

Last summer I was the only one
 Who waited for your smile—
 When we rowed about the lake alone,
 And tramped for many a mile.
 Then there were dozens of girls around
 As fair as they could be,
 Yet in my eyes you were always found
 The only one for me.

Now, when I ask you for a single dance,
 You hand to me your card—
 Ah, sweet indeed is that smile and glance,
 But Fate is very hard ;
 For every dance on your card is gone—
 There's not an empty line,
 And a certain " F " has five alone—
 What ! Are those dances mine ?

The Chaperon....Henry C. Bunner....From Puck

I take my chaperon to the play—
 She thinks she's taking me,
 And the gilded youth who owns the box,
 A proud young man is he—
 But how would his young heart be hurt
 If he could only know
 That not for his sweet sake I go
 Nor yet to see the trifling show ;
 But to see my chaperon flirt.
 Her eyes beneath her snowy hair
 They sparkle young as mine ;

There's scarce a wrinkle in her hand
So delicate and fine.
And when my chaperon is seen,
They come from everywhere—
The dear old boys with silvery hair,
With old-time grace and old-time air,
To greet their old-time queen.
They bow as my young Midas here
Will never learn to bow,
(The dancing masters do not teach
That gracious reverence now ;)
With voices quavering just a bit,
They play their old parts through,
They talk of folks who used to woo,
Of hearts that broke in 'fifty-two—
Now none the worse for it.
And as those agèd crickets chirp
I watch my chaperon's face,
And see the dear old features take
A new and tender grace—
And in her happy eyes I see
Her youth awakening bright,
With all its hope, desire, delight—
Ah me! I wish that I were quite
As young—as young as she!

To Elise....William Barclay Dunham....Life

Your foot is the tiniest that trips, love,
Thro' the maddening maze of the waltz ;
Two blossoming buds are your lips, love,
Your eyes say your heart is not false.
Your hands are so dainty and white, love,
Your figure so wondrously fine,
That I'm tempted almost, but not quite, love,
To say, I adore you!—be mine !
But no! there's a frightening fear, love,
That will not allow me to speak.
You're spending three thousand a year, love;
I'm making twelve dollars a week.

THE SKETCH BOOK: LIFE STUDIES

A Bit of Newspaper Verse....Acton Davies....N. Y. Evening Sun

She took up one of the magazines and glanced through it casually, but somehow it did not appeal to the old lady, and so she laid it down again. There was a volume of poems, richly bound in vellum, on the table by her side, and for a little while the story of its gallant knights and lovely maidens bewitched her. But soon the weight of the book began to tire her feeble hands and then heroics ceased to charm.

After that, quite as a last resort, she took up the evening paper and glanced through it just to while away the time. She had never taken much concern in politics, the latest Parisian fashion did not interest her in the least, but presently three little verses wedged in between a lurid account of a murder and a patent medicine advertisement caught her eye.

The poem was Eugene Field's Little Boy Blue, and at the very first lines of it the old lady became all attention :

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch it stands.
And the little tin soldier is covered with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.

Very slowly, as she read on, the tears came into her eyes and dimmed the spectacles so that she could scarcely see the lines of the second verse :

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
Then, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamed of his pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little boy.
Oh, the years are many—

Yes, they were many! It was more than half a century ago now. The paper dropped from the old lady's hand and rustled to the floor. There was no use in trying to read any more, for her thoughts had flown away now to the time when she had had just such a Little Boy Blue as that. Since then she had had lots of other children. Even now, as she sat there in the twilight, she could hear the shouts of her grandchildren at play not far away, but little Geordie had been her first-born, and somehow the others were different, and nobody knew just how but herself. She had daughters to console

her in her widowhood, and when her married daughter had died, her children had been left. But with little Geordie it was different. They only knew of him by the little headstone in the graveyard; but to her—why, after reading that little poem, it seemed as though it were only yesterday that he was toddling along beside her, rosy, and bright, and full of fun. And he used to say just those things—she remembered.

"Why, mother," said her daughter, as she came in, "you've been crying! What's the matter?"

"It was nothing, dear," answered the old lady, as she wiped her eyes. "I was reading, you know, and it upset me a little. It was only a bit of newspaper verse."

Praying Against Time....Jack Nesbit's Defence....Kansas City Star

A party of us had been out on New Year's night, tearing off gates, pulling down signs and otherwise disporting ourselves, after the fashion of college youth the world over. We had brought about a cord of broken store signs up to Jim Martin's room and were merrily burning them in his big fireplace. The ceremonies were at their height when two or three professors rapped loudly on the door for admission. They had been urged to exercise their authority by the indignant townspeople, whose signs we had stolen and who had followed us to the college gates.

Something had to be done, as it would never do to let in the professors and those broken evidences of our guilt around.

Jack Nesbit, now a State Senator in Nebraska, was equal to the pinch, however.

It was a rule of the college that no professor should be denied entrance to a room, no matter the hour, unless the occupant was engaged in prayer. In event of the present progress of this religious exercise, the professor was made to await until the 'amen' and could in nowise complain.

At the first rap Nesbit broke into prayer.

In a loud, sonorous tone he sought mercy for himself and his companions. Continuing, he beleaguered the throne of grace in behalf of the college, as well as the professors, singly and in a body. Next the students all came in for notice, by name individually, and in bulk, as well as every attaché of the place, to the small person who cleaned knives and forks in the kitchen. No one was slighted or overlooked. Then Nesbit went for the Government and

prayed for the nation at large; then the President and his pressing needs were named, and Divinity was pleaded with for their fulfillment; then all the departments and officers of State; when they were exhausted all the States, beginning with Maine and ending with California, were interceded for.

After this Jack crossed over to Europe, and beginning with England, related the necessities of each government and sought their satisfaction. From there he went to Asia, to Africa, then to South America, and so on, until he was drifting among the islands which dot the southern seas. Meanwhile the rest of us turned stokers and crowded the signs into the fireplace, where they roared and leaped almost to the limits of a general conflagration.

Just as Jack was landing at Auckland, the last splinter went up in the smoke and the disgusted professors were let in. The prayer must have been an hour long, and as the teachers filed in, Nesbit closed with some quotations from St. Mark which refers to those "who, seeking a sign, shall find it not."

The Two Widows....Wallace P. Reed....Atlanta Constitution

One morning, in the spring of 18—, the day clerk of a large hotel in Atlanta entered the office, and glanced over the register to note the arrivals of the night before.

"Rather queer," he said to himself. "Here is Mrs. John Ellington registered from New Orleans, and here on the next page is Mrs. John Ellington from Boston."

He turned away and forgot all about the matter.

At ten o'clock that same morning, a pretty little brunette opened the door of room number 225 and looked out. Her sombre black dress and sad face told of recent sorrow.

The lady was Mrs. John Ellington, of New Orleans.

While she was standing there, the door of room number 227, just opposite, opened, and a tall, handsome blonde in the mourning costume of a widow came out. She held a bunch of flowers in her hand, and after pausing to lock her door, she walked quietly to the elevator and disappeared from view.

The blonde widow was Mrs. John Ellington, of Boston.

Two hours later the New Orleans lady stood by a newly-made grave in the cemetery.

"Fresh flowers on his grave!" she exclaimed with tears in her eyes. "I did not expect it. Poor John was a stranger here, but his kind heart must have won him friends. These

flowers show that somebody in this great city loves him and remembers him."

The visitor added another floral tribute to the one on the grave. She remained some little time. Finally with a silent prayer she left the place, and rode back to the hotel.

"I wonder who left the flowers there," she said after she had reached her room. "When John was killed in that awful railroad disaster, and was buried so far away from home, I was afraid that his grave would be neglected until I could care for it myself. But somebody here loves him. Perhaps one of his fellow travelers."

She removed her bonnet and threw herself into a chair, completely exhausted.

"If John had carried any letters with him," she murmured, "the news would have been telegraphed to me, but I knew nothing of the horror until I read it in the newspapers. Oh ! I cannot bear up under my grief—it will kill me yet !"

She threw herself on a lounge, with her face downward, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

The next morning the lady from New Orleans was again in the cemetery. As she came suddenly upon the lonely grave of her husband, she saw a black-robed figure lay some flowers on the mound.

In a moment the two faced each other.

The first comer was the tall blonde, of room number 227.

"I must thank you for your kindness," said the Louisianian impulsively. "And, oh, I am so anxious to learn your name !"

The other looked startled and almost dazed. She glanced at the flowers in the little woman's hand.

"I am Mrs. Ellington," she answered mechanically.

"How strange ! Why I am Mrs. Ellington !"

"I am Mrs. John Ellington," explained the Boston stranger.

"And I am Mrs. John Ellington," was the response.

A dead silence fell upon the two. Both turned pale, and they could almost hear each other's heart-beats.

"What was John Ellington to you ?" asked the blonde.

"He was my husband !"

There was no response for a full minute, and then came the whisper : "And he was mine !"

The two women gazed into each other's eyes. One produced a locket.

"Look at his face," she said.

"I know," was the sad reply. "Your locket is just like mine. See!"

The portraits were of the same man—a handsome face.

* * * * *

The whole story was told when the two Mrs. Ellingtons returned to the hotel.

John Ellington's business kept him in the North half of every year, and in the South the remainder of the time. He was a boyish, emotional young fellow, good-hearted but thoughtless. Two years before his death he had married in Boston during the summer, and the following winter had married in New Orleans. He was so reckless and so sure his secret was safe that he had not even changed his name.

The two women had their marriage certificates, but they would have believed each other without such proof. They instinctively felt that the truth had come out at last.

Follerin' de Speret....From the Pittsburg Sunday Dispatch

An old negro was found the other day casting a net in a preserved fish-pond. "I have caught you at last," exclaimed the owner. "Stand right where you are. If you try to run I'll shoot you. What are you stealing my fish for?"

"Look yere, you doan call dis stealin' feesh, does you?"

"Of course I do, you trifling scoundrel."

"Wall, ef dat's de case, dar's er p'int o' diffunce betwix us. I calls it 'ligion, sah."

"You call it what?"

"'Ligion, sah; dat's whut I calls it. Peter an' John an' all de 'ciples, when da felt 'ligious, tuck er net an' went an' kotch some feesh; an' now when the speret dun moved me, an' I has come cordin' ter de scriptur an' gunter cast de net, w'y yere you come an' call me er thief. Ez 'ligious er man ez you is oughter be 'shamed o' y'se'f. W'y I reckon ef you hader libed in de ole days an' hader seed Peter er feeshin' you wouder got atter him, too. Dar wuz jes sich men livin' at dat time, sah, an' whut did da do? Da strayed off atter de golden ca'f o' niquity an' let de feesh o' righteousness er lone. De speret moved me ter come off down yere an' cast dis yere net, an' now you come an' 'ject ter de speret."

"I object to you stealing my fish, you trifling rascal."

"I ain't stealin' you feesh, sah. I jest castin' de net like de speret tole me ter do."

"So you haven't taken any fish?"

"No, sah, cose I ain't, but I kain't hep it ef de speret tole me ter cast de net."

"What have you got in that bag?"

"Dis bag right here?"

"Yes, that bag right there."

"Whut's I got in it?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, sah, I put er few feesh in yere jes' ter keep em frum bein' proud in de flesh. Feesh is monstus proud some times, sah, I jes wanter show 'em dat dar's sicher thing ez pride comin' down putty low."

"Yes, and I'll just show you that there's such a thing as your going to jail."

"Whut! caze I follered de speret an' tuck de pride outen de feesh. Wall, I sees one thing mighty cla'r. Dar ain't no usen er man follerin' de speret deze days. Ef Peter wuz yere now he'd git 'gusted wid de white folks an' go off down yander wid de niggers. Now, sah, ef you wanter disgrace yo'se'f by takin me ter jail, I'se wid you."

The Elopement....M. Quad....Detroit Free Press

I was at the depot in Louisville, in the doorway of the waiting-room, when a stranger beckoned me out and said:

"I want you to do me a favor. See if there is a woman about forty years old in there, wearing a black silk dress, a brown wrap, and a hat with two white feathers in it."

I sauntered in, looked around, and reported her there.

"Anybody with her?" he asked.

"Yes; a man and a little child."

His face was pale and betrayed great emotion, and his voice had a queer sound as he considered for a moment.

"Take this pistol. I am her husband, and she has eloped. I was going to kill the man, but I have thought better of it."

He entered the room, and the guilty pair rose up and turned pale as he approached. He did not look at either of them, but walked straight up to the child, took her in his arms, and went out saying:

"We haven't any home now, darling, but we will go away somewhere and make one."

"Come, mamma!" called the child.

"Hush!" he whispered.

PRATTLE OF THE CHILDREN

The Children's Fast Express....E. B. Clarkson....Harper's Bazaar

A lot of chairs all in a row,
 Comprised the fast express;
 Conductor, noisy Master Fred;
 The passenger, wee Bess.
 Past Lansdown, Northbrook, Riverside,
 It swiftly onward sped,
 Each stop with gravity announced
 By pompous Master Fred.
 But running short of names at last,
 "Heaven!" he loudly cried.
 At this wee Bess got up and seized
 The grip-sack by her side,
 And said in tone, demure, sincere,
 "I dess I'll dit out here!"

Nothing to Do....Margaret J. Preston....Chimes for Church Children

I have shot my arrows and spun my top
 And bandied my last new ball;
 I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
 And I swung till I got a fall;
 I tumbled my books all out of the shelves
 And hunted the pictures through;
 I've flung them where they may sort themselves;
 And now I have nothing to do.

The tower of Babel I built of blocks
 Came down with a crash to the floor;
 My train of cars ran over the rocks;
 I'll warrant they'll run no more;
 I've raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
 My slate is broken in two,
 So I can't draw monkeys. I'm tired to death
 Because I have nothing to do!

The boys have gone to the pond to fish;
 They bothered me, too, to go,
 But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
 For I think it's mighty slow
 To sit all day at the end of a rod

For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod ;
I'd rather have nothing to do.

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,
With his little half hour to play ;
He neither has books nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through,
But then, he never is tired at all,
Because he has something to do !

An Island Lullaby....Eugene Field....A Little Book of Western Verse

A moonbeam floateth from the skies,
Whispering, " Heigho, my dearie ;
I would spin a web before your eyes—
A beautiful web of silver light
Wherein is many a wondrous sight
Of a radiant garden leagues away,
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway
And the snow-white lambkins are at play—
Heigho, my dearie ! "

A brownie stealeth from the vine
Singing, " Heigho, my dearie ;
And will you hear this song of mine—
A song of the land of murk and mist
Where bideth the bud the dew bath kist ?
Then let the moonbeam's web of light
Be spun before thee silvery white,
And I shall sing the live-long night—
Heigho, my dearie ! "

The night wind speedeth from the sea,
Murmuring, " Heigho, my dearie ;
I bring a mariner's prayer for thee ;
So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,
And the brownies sing thee lullabies—
But I shall rock thee to and fro,
Kissing the brow he loveth so,
And the prayer shall guard thy bed, I trow—
Heigho, my dearie ! "

GHOSTLY: SUPERSTITIOUS: QUEER

Wonderful Inward Sight....J. H. Zschokke....History of the Supernatural

It has happened to me sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dreamlike, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly look, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served, in some measure, as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture and other accessories. By way of a test, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchburg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life. People were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the literal truth. On my part, I was no less astonished that my dream pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part. "What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the spiritual Johann Von Riga, when in the first hour of our acquaintance I related his past life to him. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it. I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. As often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—"It is not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before I spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which preëminently astonished me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut,

I entered the Vine inn, in company with two young student foresters. We were tired rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous company at the table d'hôte, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, etc. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by the mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite to me, and allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was, at that moment, presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little farther, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and, lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narrative, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candor, I shook hands with him over the table and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. What this power is, whence it comes, or what it means, I know not, nor can I even suggest a plausible explanation.

Haunted by a Priest....Alexander Bradford....Globe-Democrat

It was in '70 that business called me to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and kept me there some weeks. I obtained board with a respectable, well-to-do fellow named Lopez, who gave me a room next his own and his wife's, but the crying of their child annoyed me so much that I told him that I must have another room. "I have no other to give you, señor," said the man. We were standing outside of the house as I pointed to a room connected with the main building by a narrow passage.

"Now, that, Lopez, would suit me exactly, and I don't believe you use it, do you?" I said. "No, señor, we dare not, for it is the abode of spirits, and nothing can bear the sights and sounds that disturb the place." I laughed at what I considered the fellow's ignorant superstition, and then, remembering I had never heard any uncanny noises issuing from the room, said so. "No, it is one of the curious things about that chamber, señor, that while the most hideous cries are to be heard by any one passing the night in it, nothing of them reaches further than the threshold." Amused and scornful, I declared that I would occupy it if Lopez would have it arranged for me, which he agreed to do; and that night I found it very comfortably fitted up as a bedroom. It was a low, narrow room of adobe like the rest of the house, and in no way remarkable except for the impress of a large hand on one of its walls. This was not dented into the material, but marked in some dark kind of paint. I went to sleep watching this hand, but without the slightest superstitious feeling in regard to it. I was awakened, however, by a scream that brought me out of bed shivering to the floor, while a cold perspiration broke out all over my body. I can't begin to describe what the shriek was like, for it was not human nor animal, but both, and yet unearthly in its horror. The room was dark as pitch and I was afraid to move for some moments, but as soon as I could command my trembling limbs I began to feel my way toward the table where the lamp was. Did you ever realize how much courage light gives? Well I did then, shut up in black darkness with what, I know not. I put out my hand to feel for the table, when I touched something so cold that I sprang back with a yell. What it was I cannot say, but it was icy. I felt the hair bristle on my head, but I dared not stir. I tried to pray, but my very brain seemed paralyzed with terror—sickening terror—the like of which I hope never to feel again. Here my startling eyes fell on a luminous hand close to me, which, with its fingers outspread, seemed pressed against something, but what I could not see; for while the hand itself was afire with a pale, cold light that revealed great black drops of blood dripping from the fingers, it yet cast no shadow or ray of illuminating light about the room, which continued as dark as ever. I watched this hand with a sort of fascination,

noting instinctively that it was a man's hand, large and hairy, with flat, short nails, indicating hard work, and that one finger wore a narrow silver band. It continued visible for some time, then it disappeared as quickly as it had come. I fell back as it vanished, thinking perhaps that it might lay hold of me next, and, as I did so I stumbled against the table. With inexpressible gratitude I groped for the matches and struck one, but it was blown out by a breath of icy air, followed by a shriek of hideous laughter, which ended in a succession of heavy groans. Incensed, I struck out at the laugher, but my arm dropped to my side, wrenched and chilled as if I had thrust it into a frozen substance. I tried again to get a match to burn, only to again have it blown out. The third time, however, I succeeded, by interposing my body between it and the phantom extinguisher. I lighted the lamp and found the room empty, to my great relief; but as I gazed about me I saw forming on the floor, before my astonished eyes bloody footprints, as of some one pacing hurriedly, to and fro, the length of the apartment, and heard the dreadful rattle of a chain, as if the walker dragged it after him. The prints were of a naked foot, a man's, evidently, but small and delicate, and no match for the muscular hand I had seen. The walking ceased presently, I heard close to my side a sobbing, and, turning, beheld a sight that I can never hope to have effaced from my memory. It was a figure clad in a gown like a monk's or priest's, with a horrible wound in its bare breast, from which the dress had been pulled away. Its countenance, that of a young man cleanly shaven, and delicate, wore an expression of suffering and agony; but horrible beyond telling, were its eyes, or rather, empty sockets, turned on me. The balls had evidently been torn violently away, leaving bloody cavities that still had the power to weep, for tears gushed down the hollow cheeks, mingling with the gory drops that fell from the sockets. This figure seemed about to approach me, when, wrenching myself free from the terror that enchained me, I flung myself against the door shrieking for help, and unbolting it, I know not how, fell into the hall, where Lopez and his wife caught me. They both declared that they had heard nothing, but had remained up, knowing I could not hold out against the horrors of the room. "You have seen the blind priest, señor," said Lopez, "and heard him walk." They then told me that the house,

which dated back 100 years, had once been part of a mission, but only that room was haunted. Nightmare? Nonsense! How could Lopez have guessed what I saw?

The Ghost Dance of the Sioux....Sam. T. Clover....Chicago Herald

A party of us, accompanied by Half Eyes, a half-breed, started for Wounded Knee, South Dakota, to witness one of the famous ghost dances of the Sioux. The traveling was hard and exceedingly painful, and we were glad when the low moaning chant of the Sioux and snarling of their dogs were heard in the distance. The camp of the fanatics could not be seen until the ridge of a low chain of buttes was reached. From this elevation one could see the fires burning. The trip was extremely hazardous, owing to the frenzy of the hostiles. Half Eyes tethered the ponies near the ridge and the rest of the trip was made on foot. The sky was just being painted by the rising sun, when the expedition reached a clump of young cottonwoods which skirted the banks of the Wounded Knee. From this point an excellent view could be had of the dance. As near as Half Eyes could estimate, 182 bucks and squaws were in the dance. A big tree stood in the middle of the circle formed by the Indians. Squatted on the ground, within a radius of sixty yards, were 400 other Indians, who were chanting with the dancers. Many of the reds were in war paint; some of them were naked to the hips, and across their big, muscular breasts were streaks of red and yellow paint. Beads tinkled from their porcupine-fringed legs and eagle feathers hung from the crown of their black, glossy heads. Some of the dancers were robed in white cotton cloth, which was pinned at the breast and drawn over the head in the form of a hood. Five medicine men sat on the ground outside of the circle; they were old men, with wrinkled, skinny faces, and as the chant rose and fell according to the vigor of the drumming they waved medicine sticks above their heads. These sticks were painted green, with handles fashioned after the shape of snakes. The dancers held one another's hands, and moved slowly around the tree. They did not raise their feet as high as they do in the sun dance. Most of the time it looked as though their ragged moccasins did not leave the ground, and the only idea of dancing the spectators could gain from the motion of the fanatics was the weary bending of the knees. Round and

round the dancers went with their eyes closed and their heads bent toward the ground. The chant was incessant and monotonous. "I see my father, I see my mother, I see my brother, I see my sister," was Half Eyes' translation of the chant as the squaw and warrior moved laboriously about the tree. The spectacle, ghostly as it could be, showed the Sioux to be insanely religious. The white figures bobbing between the painted and naked warriors and the shrill, yelping noise of the squaws as they tottered in grim endeavor to outdo the bucks made a picture in the early morning never yet painted or accurately described. Half Eyes said the Indians had been dancing all summer but that this particular dance had been going on all night. Stretched upon the ground close to the tree were two warriors and one squaw. They were in a fit which was of a cataleptic nature. Their faces were turned to the sky and their hands clutched the yellow grass. One of the warriors was a tremendous fellow, whose breast was scarred and painted and whose ears were pierced with rings. The dancers paid no attention to them. Their eyes were closed. Of a sudden one of the warriors on the ground leaped to his feet and exclaimed: "I have seen the great father, but he will not talk to me because I smell not good." Then the other warrior got up and cried: "I have seen the great father, but he will not talk to me because I have no ponies." The squaw was the last to get upon her feet. She was a young woman, with bells on her blanket, and a red ochre streak marked the line where her raven black hair was parted. In a shrill voice she cried out: "I have seen the great father; he sent an eagle which picked me up and carried me to a far-away mountain. The great father told me that the whites would be driven from the country, that the Indians would rule the land and the buffalo and deer would return." The Indians now danced with greater vigor and their cries were louder and more vehement, but they never opened their eyes. Round and round they danced, some of them so fatigued from their exertions that they pitched forward on their faces on the grass. The strain on others was so great that their faces were distorted with pain, but there was no stop for food, drink or rest. The ghost dance is simply a dance of cruel endurance, which is far more barbarous than the sun dance, where the breasts of the warriors are torn open. One by one squaw and warrior fell unconscious

upon the ground, and as they did so they beat their heads against the tree and on the sand and stones, until blood spurted from their wounds. One big Indian, whom Half Eyes recognized as Big Road, rolled and tumbled on the ground until his splendid face was a mass of cuts and swellings. As one of the dancers fell the circle was re-formed and the dance resumed. Nearly all the dancers were covered with wounds from previous exertions. One of the bucks who wore a white hood and cloak was smeared with blood and he danced in his bare feet. The sun had been up two hours when the dance closed from the sheer exhaustion of the Indians. They fell in all kinds of positions, and many of them in cataleptic fits. The fires burned dimly and the medicine men nodded over their wards. The dance was over for an hour at least. This is an accurate description of one of the famous ghost dances, and to see one of which in this country is attended by the greatest peril, because of the hostility of the Indians whom Government interference has rendered even more savage and vindictive than ever, to the intrusion of the whites.

Insane Once a Day....Eli Rider's Madness....Chicago Tribune

I recently visited Eli Rider in an iron-barred basement room of St. Anthony's Hospital at Effingham, Ill. It was just 7:38 P. M., and the door of the room was suddenly closed with a bang, and firmly bolted from the outside, leaving the inmate alone. Rider became a frantic maniac at exactly 7:40. He ground his teeth, glared like an enraged beast, battered the walls and door with his clinched fists, clapped his loosely manacled hands at intervals and hurled the pillows and bedclothes about the apartment with awful fury, but not a word escaped his lips. This continued for ten minutes, when he suddenly and deliberately seated himself on the floor, and remained in that position, breathing heavily, for a space of five minutes. Then he abruptly arose, and for ten minutes more enacted the same maniacal scene. Finally, being attracted by the light which we held at the window, he cautiously approached, his eyes blazing and his teeth grating with a sound like that made by castanets. One of the party called him by name. No reply. "Show me your teeth," said one. Instantly he opened his mouth. "Are you all right now, Eli?" another asked. "Yes," in a half whisper, half hiss. "Can we come in?"

"Yes." The man's pulse was normal. There was no symptom of stupor; no sign of exhaustion; nothing to indicate a diseased condition of mind or body. He is forty-three years old; has a family of five children; no hereditary taints, no malformations, no bad habits, but he is illiterate. Dr. J. B. Walker, the attending physician, said: "It is a remarkable case of periodic insanity, although in no respect a typical one. For sixteen weeks, every night, this man, at precisely 7:40, has become violently insane, the attack lasting about half an hour. At all other times he is as rational as any man. Close study and observation have convinced me of the genuineness of his insanity. I have administered as much as sixty grains of chloral to prevent a paroxysm, with no perceptible effect. He receives a warning one minute before each attack. In order to test the case Rider was called before a small party at the hospital one evening, and Dr. Walker said to him: "Eli, these men are physicians, and we have concluded, as a last resort in your case, that if you have another attack to-night it will be necessary for us to burn your spine along its entire length with a red-hot iron." Rider grew pale and strongly objected. "This is severe treatment, it is true, but necessary if you have another attack, as we have all agreed." Still he objected. It lacked only fifteen minutes of his time for the spell. In front of his door an attendant was heating an iron rod in a soldering-stove. Rider winced as he glanced at it, but entered the room. An attendant refused to put the straps on the patient. It was 7:39. "Then give me the cuffs," exclaimed the doctor, and before he had finished the sentence Rider's teeth were grinding and his hands were at the throat of a spectator. A terrific struggle ensued, and it required four strong men to throw him to the floor. The straps were adjusted, chloroform was administered, and in half an hour Rider was again himself, but oblivious of all that had taken place.

THE SONNET: LIGHT AND SHADE

A Starry Night at Sea....Theodore Watts....The Athenæum

If heaven's bright halls are very far from sea
 I dread a pang the angels could not 'suage;
 The imprisoned sea-bird knows—and only he—
 How proud and azure-domed may be a cage.
 Beyond the bars he sees a prison still:—
 The self-same wood, meadow, or silver stream
 That lends the captive lark a joyous thrill
 Is landscape in the sea-bird's prison-dream;
 So might I pine on yonder starry floor
 For sea-wind—deaf to music of the spheres.
 Billows like these that never knew a shore
 Might mock mine eyes, and tease my hungry ears;—
 No scent of amaranths o'er yon glittering vault
 Might quell this breath of Ocean sharp and salt.

Penitence....Jessie P. Arnold....Representative Sonnets

Life is too short, dear love, for unkind feeling,
 Too short for harsh reproach, or bitter tone,
 For us should be but gentle words alone:
 If I have wronged you, dear, here let me kneeling
 Low at your side—in penitence appealing—
 Seek pardon for a fault I had not known,
 Save that my love for you so strong hath grown
 It passed the bounds of reason's wise concealing.
 Dear love, by all our past of untold gladness,
 By every loving word and fond caress
 Which filled our lives with such sweet happiness,
 Forgive, forget that one brief hour of madness;
 Then may you know the highest joy of living,—
 The God-like peace, the sweetness of forgiving.

Self-Revelation....Ida A. Ahlborn....The Cottage Hearth

Oh! that in thy career would come an hour
 That would thyself to thine own self reveal!
 Along the languid pulse of life would steal
 The consciousness of thy exceeding dower;
 Thus did Napoleon divine his power,
 When he beheld the Austrian columns reel;
 For him in Lodi's battle-smoke and peal

There burst in bloom ambition's ruddy flower.
 Oh! for such moment, masterful, supreme,
 That would the possible to thee betray,
 And thou would'st henceforth be and cease to seem!
 Thy spirit, waking, would salute the day,
 Accept its challenge, not to be undone,
 Since having lived is ever to have won.

The Holy Emerald....Charles Tennyson Turner....Poems

Said to be the only true likeness of Christ.

The gem to which the artist did intrust
 That face which now outshines the cherubim,
 Gave up, full willingly, its emerald dust,
 To take Christ's likeness, to make room for Him.
 So must it be, if thou would'st bear about
 Thy Lord—thy shining surface must be low'red,
 Thy goodly prominence be chipt and scored,
 Till those deep scars have brought his features out.
 Sharp be the stroke and true, make no complaints;
 For heavenly lives thou givest earthly grit;
 But oh! how oft our coward spirit faints,
 When we are called our jewels to submit
 To this keen graver, which so oft hath writ
 The Saviour's image on His wounded saints!

An Egyptian Dancing Girl....Clinton Scollard....Pittsburg Bulletin

Lithe, languorous, with large and lustrous eyes
 That shine like moons from out her night of hair
 That serpent-wise around her coils,—a snare
 To charm alike the witless and the wise!
 The luring sounds of dreamy lutions rise,
 And o'er her head her shapely arms and bare
 She tosses, while her supple limbs and fair
 Move slowly to the subtle harmonies.
 Dark hands glide swifter o'er the taut-drawn strings;
 And now, with look and motion passionate,
 Like some wind-tossed replendent Eastern bloom
 In tranced ecstasy she sways and swings,
 Until she seems to us the enthralling fate
 That drew great Antony to his disgrace and doom.

CONCERNING THE INNER MAN

Appetites of Famous Men....The Louisville Courier-Journal

The majority of the great musical composers had appetites on an equality with their talents. It is told of Handel that when he dined alone at a restaurant he always took the precaution to order the meal for three. Once on asking, "Is de tinner retty?" at a restaurant, or a tavern, as it was then called, where he was little known, he got the reply: "As soon as the company comes," and astonished the waiter by seating himself, with the remark, "Den pring up de tinner, I'm de company." The appetite of Haydn was yet more voracious. He delighted in dining alone, and always finished the meal ordered for five persons. The Duke of Norfolk, also found a dinner of five "portions" within scope of his appetite. Lucullus reserved all his sumptuous feasts for when he was quite alone, and it was on one of these occasions that he upbraided his cook for serving him a dinner that only cost about \$500, and gave him a list of the dishes he should prepare "when Lucullus dined with Lucullus." Brillat-Savarin immortalizes the *Curé de Brequier*, and tells us that at a single sitting this reverend gentleman would eat as much food as would serve a working man for ten days. Brillat-Savarin once saw him demolish in three-quarters of an hour "a quart of soup, a plate of bouilli, a large leg of mutton, a superb ham, a copious salad, a pound or two of cheese, a prodigious quantity of bread, a bottle of wine, another of water and a cup of coffee. A modern epicure, the *Vicomte de-Vieil Castel*, on a wager that he could consume 500 francs' worth of food and wine within two hours, won the money in one hour and forty minutes, in which time he swallowed twenty-four dozen oysters, a soup, a beef-steak, a pheasant stuffed with truffles, a *salmi* of ortolans, a dish of asparagus, another of young peas, a pineapple, a dish of strawberries, five bottles of wine, ending with coffee and liquors.

What Spaniards Eat....Carrie Houghton....The Boston Transcript

Though as a rule Spaniards, of the better class, are not early risers, they begin the day with the *desayuno*, as they call the meal. This usually consists of a large cup of milk and coffee, or a small cup of thick chocolate, with a kind of

cake called ensaimada. The chocolate is made with milk, never with water, except in the poorest families. Between 1 and 2 P. M. old fashioned Spanish folks have their dinner. The table is very simply laid with a clean cloth and several plates of sweets and fruit; flowers seldom appear, salt-cellar, pepper-box and mustard-pot never. A spoon, fork and knife lumped together, a tumbler for water, and a small wine-glass are set at each place. A Spaniard never commits the heresy of mixing wine and water; he says it is "spoiling two good things." A goodly-sized loaf of bread flanks each plate. The soup tureen is first handed round, and, although its contents are a trifle greasy, nothing can be more nourishing. It is compounded of all the good things that go to make up the classical cocido or puchero. The substantial portion with which the soup is made is placed in three separate dishes and served up immediately afterward. On one dish figure large thick slices of boiled beef, and pieces of fowl with slices of bacon; on another appear the garbanzos, or chick-peas; and on the third are the vegetables with slices of chorizo, or sausage. The cocido is usually eaten as it is, though in some houses tomato sauce is added. The puchero, or cocido, takes its name from the pewter pot in which it is slowly boiled. In every well-regulated home throughout Spain the cocido is made once a day, and a right good thing it is, as at any hour you may chance to need a cup of broth you can be supplied with it. The next dish is the frito. Frito means a fry, and the dish usually consists of fried brains, fried sweetbread, croquettes of fowl, etc. In no country are things fried better than in Spain, because good olive oil is used to fry them in, and oil makes those delicacies more crispy. That Spanish oil may be turned to good account for anything in cooking will no doubt cause unbounded surprise. There is no denying the fact, however. Food ill-prepared with oil is no doubt a trying case in so far as the palate and nostrils are concerned; but a good Spanish cook knows well how to disguise the taste of the oil in many ways. The simplest and perhaps the best advice is to let the oil come to a boiling point and to throw in a piece of bread, which is taken out as soon as it becomes brown, and thrown away. This takes off any bad taste the oil may have; the pan is then carried to an open window and the steam blown away, a process which as effectually clears it of any unsavory

smell. I have seen foreigners eat with relish, eggs and potatoes which they would scarcely believe had been prepared with oil thus treated. All roasted meats at a Spanish dinner are served before the fish. Whether fowl, veal, joints or venison, the meat is always done well-nigh to a cinder; and most Spaniards would not think of touching out-of-the-way meat. Barring potatoes, Spaniards seldom indulge in vegetables other than those furnished by the puchero. Fish is generally dished up with some elaborate sauce, or served cold with Mayonnaise. Sometimes it is prepared with oil and baked in the oven. Among truly Spanish dishes is the bacalas a la Vizcedina, dry codfish prepared with a rich red sauce, full of red pepper and tomatoes. After fish, Spaniards partake of some sweet dish, the favorite ones being whipped cream, and rice and milk. They are not very partial to any kind of cheese beyond those furnished by the country; of these, there are several varieties that resemble cheddar and hard cream cheese. Spaniards are very fond of fruit, and that produced by them can vie in excellence with any to be found in Southern Europe. Indeed, they have fruit for dessert all the year round; strawberries and cherries are soon followed by apricots, peaches, plums, figs, melons of all kinds, and grapes which last until the winter; when apples and pears appear on the table, side by side with the orange and lemon, not to speak of the tropical fruit grown in sunny Valencia and in Andalusian gardens. The dessert also includes raisins, almonds, nuts, chestnuts, a great display of sweetmeats and confitures. Black coffee follows; it is served with liquors belonging to the country. The ugly sex, however, mostly leave the table at this juncture to light their cigarettes, and reserve their cigars for the coffee. At four in the afternoon, after his refreshing siesta, your Spaniard feels the want of a cup of chocolate. In some really old-fashioned families it is a pretty substitute for our five-o'clock teas. The steaming-hot beverage is served in quaint little cups on lovely Talavera plates; with each cup is a large tumbler of the coldest water, to "drive the chocolate down," as the natives say. The water is sweetened with the classic azucarillo, a sort of light cake of sugar. Light sponge-cakes are eaten with the chocolate. Water is much used as a beverage, especially in summer time. They cool it in bottle-shaped jars of porous earthenware called alcaragas, which render the water as cool

as ice. Spaniards do not use ice except in cafés and at receptions. They do, however, make a most delightful and refreshing beverage with iced lemonade and beer, mixed in equal quantities. The two ingredients are poured into a large punch bowl, and a silver ladle is used to fill the glasses. Between 8 and 9 p. m. Spaniards generally have their supper. The first course is usually composed of eggs or la Topa de ajo. This soup is made of oil, red pepper well ground, water and a little ajo or garlic. Slices of bread are put into it, and often poached eggs, which float on the surface of the potage. This is a favorite dish with all classes in Spain, and is considered quite the thing to give anyone who feels "seedy." The second course consists of vegetables, and the third is a steak or some stewed meat. It often happens that one of the most substantial and truly original native dishes is served at this meal. It is only fair to say that, outside the lower classes, garlic is only sparingly used in Spanish cookery. A small bead of garlic is considered sufficient to flavor a stew, and it is taken out before the dishes are brought to the table.

The Acids of Fruits....George W. Johnson....Chemistry of the World

The grateful acid of the rhubarb leaf arises from the malic acid and bin-oxalate of potash which it contains; the acidity of the lemon, orange, and other species of the genus *Citrus* is caused by the abundance of citric acid which their juice contains; that of the cherry, plum, apple, and pear from the malic acid in their pulp; that of gooseberries and currants, black, red, and white, from a mixture of malic and citric acids; that of the grape from a mixture of malic and tartaric acids; that of the mango from citric acid and a very fugitive essential oil; that of the tamarind from a mixture of citric, malic, and tartaric acids; the flavor of asparagus from aspartic acid, found also in the root of the marshmallow; and that of the cucumber from a peculiar poisonous ingredient called fungin, which is found in all fungi, and is the cause of the cucumber being offensive to some stomachs. It will be observed that rhubarb is the only fruit which contains bin-oxalate of potash in conjunction with an acid. It is this ingredient which renders this fruit so wholesome at the early commencement of the summer, and this is one of the wise provisions of Nature for supplying a blood-purifier at a time when it is likely to be most needed. Beet root owes its nutritious

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quality to about nine per cent. of sugar which it contains, and its flavor to a peculiar substance containing nitrogen mixed with pectic acid. The carrot owes its fattening powers also to the sugar, and its flavor to a peculiar fatty oil; the horseradish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acrid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains fourteen and a half per cent. of sugar and three per cent. of inulin (a variety of starch), besides gum and a peculiar substance to which its flavor is owing; and lastly, garlic, and the rest of the onion family, derive their odor from a yellowish, volatile, acrid oil; but they are nutritious from containing nearly half their weight of glutinous substances not yet clearly defined.

An Age of Terrapin....Frank G. Carpenter....Pittsburg Dispatch

The markets of Washington and Baltimore consume more terrapin than those of any two other cities of the country, and the demand is always greater than the supply. This year there is a scarcity in the market, yet the output of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries is over 750,000. This number, at \$3 apiece, figures up a total of \$2,250,000, which is a large amount to pay for turtles. There are to-day something like 1,000 men fishing for terrapin along the Chesapeake Bay. The turtles roost in the coves and along the shores. They are caught in nets and it is by no means an easy thing to make a good haul. The terrapin are noted for their curiosity. The hunters anchor their boats near where they suppose them to be lying and then by tapping on the sides of the boat make a noise which causes them to rise to the surface. As soon as they appear they are caught in a hand net and jerked into the boat. The animals live in the mud and the hunters poke about in the slime with three-pronged forks until they move them into drag nets, which they have spread over where they suppose them to be. They are sold alive and they are fed regularly after they are captured until they take their places on the tables of the statesmen. Terrapin are found in North and South Carolina and elsewhere, but the very best terrapin in the world comes from the mouth of the Potomac and along the shores of the Chesapeake, where the Patuxent river empties into it. They live on water celery, water cress and other grasses, and do not object to a good bite of fish when they can get it. Many terrapin are shipped from Baltimore to New York and

Philadelphia and crates of them are sent to London every year. There is hardly a Senator in the United States who is not fond of terrapin. Congressman Gibson, of Maryland, has a prize recipe for cooking terrapin, and this is the way it reads:

The first thing to cut off is the terrapin's head. As the reptile lies dormant in the water you may at first glance see no head to cut off, and you will need to touch its back with a red hot iron. As the flesh begins to sizzle, the head will protrude, and you will then seize it with a two-tined fork behind the jaws and cut it off just behind the fork. You will then set the terrapin upon end so as to allow the blood to drain out. It will not bleed much. Next drop it into a pot of boiling water, leave it there an hour, and turn it on his back and remove the bottom shell. If this is easy to do, the terrapin is thoroughly cooked, and you have now only to take out the gall-duct. This is the center of the liver, and after it is out, all the rest of the meat is eatable. After taking the meat from the larger bones, you put it and the remainder into a chafing dish with a half teacupful of warm water. As it simmers you add half a pint of butter and a little pepper and salt, and the dish is fit for the king. Some people like to add a little sherry wine, but this should never be put in while the meat is in the chafing dish.

Of late years a number of terrapin farms have been started along the Chesapeake. The biggest farm is on the Patuxent river, and it consists of a large salt water lake, which could accommodate thousands of terrapin if they would breed as rapidly as is desired. The farmer has surrounded this lake with board fences to keep out the muskrats and foxes, which are the terrapin's enemies. He has made hatcheries of boxes partly filled with sand, and so arranged that when the females enter them they cannot get out until they are taken out. He has nurseries for young terrapin, and he keeps the little ones in here until they are ten months old, in order to preserve them from their fathers. The older terrapin are as fond of good living as a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. They are cannibals, and they sometimes eat their own children when they are young and juicy. After the young are ten months old they are able to take care of themselves, and there is no danger of their being destroyed. With the increase in the price of terrapin, terrapin farming ought to become profitable. Years ago they were a drug on the market. Senator John M. Clayton, of Delaware, once bought a cart load for one dollar. They are now worth at the very lowest, \$2.50 each, the average price is \$3.00, and they often sell for \$60.00 a dozen.

THE JEALOUSY OF MITRIDANES

*Famous Chapters From Famous Books**

In the country of Cathay, if we may give faith to the relation of certain Genoese mariners, and other persons who have visited those parts, there once lived a man of the name of Nathan, of noble extraction, and rich beyond belief.

Having his residence near to a great road, all people who traveled from the West to the East, or departed from the East to the West, were of necessity obliged to pass his abode, and possessing a noble and liberal mind, and desirous that his name should be famous for hospitality, with the assistance of some of the first architects of the country, he built in a short space of time one of the most magnificent palaces ever beheld, and furnished it in a most sumptuous manner with everything becoming a man of his high rank. Having moreover a numerous and beautiful family, his house became the seat of mirth and festivity, all persons both on their arrival and on their departure being treated with singular honor and respect, as though they were royal personages.

He persevered so long in this laudable course of conduct that his name was deservedly spread through the West as well as the East, and being now full of years, but nothing abated in his noble style of living, it happened that the fame of his hospitality reached the ears of a young man called Mitridanes, living in a country not very distant from his own.

This young man finding himself not less rich than Nathan, and becoming envious of his fame, resolved within himself, by his superior hospitality, to eclipse the liberality of Nathan. Having therefore erected a palace similar to that of Nathan, he opened his gates with the most unbounded hospitality to all comers, and in a short time became justly renowned for his generosity.

It happened one day as Mitridanes sate all alone in the court of his palace, that a poor woman entering at one of the gates, asked alms from him and received them, and returning by the second gate, again asked and again received, and so successively to the twelfth gate; but returning for the thirteenth time, Mitridanes accosting her, said, "Good woman,

* From "The Decameron" By Giovanni Boccaccio. Translated by Thomas Roscoe, in "The Italian Novelists." Chandos Classics. Warne & Co.

methinks you are extremely urgent in your request," at the same time, however, bestowing his alms as before.

When the old woman heard these words, she exclaimed, "Oh, boundless charity of Nathan! I entered at the two-and-thirty gates of his palace, asking alms, and was never recognized by him, but received at each of them, and I am here arrived only at the thirteenth, and I am recognized and reproved." Thus speaking, without again returning to accept of Mitridanes' hospitality, she departed.

Mitridanes, when he had reflected on the words of the old woman, which added to the fame of Nathan and so much diminished his own, was seized with a sudden passion, and exclaimed, "Alas! when shall I only attain to the liberality of Nathan, for to surpass him I have no hope, when I am so far behind him in such trifling matters? Truly all my endeavors will be vain unless he be removed, which if his great age, or the coming of disease, does not speedily effect, I must perform with my own hands."

Then rising in this frame of mind, without communicating his intentions to anyone, he departed with a few attendants, on horseback, and on the third day, arriving in the neighborhood of Nathan's palace, he desired his attendants not to make him known, and to procure themselves food and lodgings, and wait for his return.

The evening now drawing on, he proceeded forward alone, and happened to meet Nathan himself near his own palace, who, in a plain dress, was indulging in a solitary walk for his recreation. Mitridanes, not knowing him, asked him if he could direct him to the residence of Nathan.

Nathan cheerfully answered, "My son, there is no one in this country who can instruct you better on that head than myself, and if it be agreeable to you, I will show you the way."

Mitridanes replied that he would in that do him a great kindness, but that he wished, above all things, neither to be known nor seen of Nathan.

To this Nathan answered, "Your request in this respect shall be observed, since such is your wish."

Mitridanes then dismounting from his horse, and entering into agreeable conversation with Nathan, they proceeded together toward the palace. They were no sooner arrived there, than Nathan made signs to one of his servants to take the young man's horse, and, whispering at the same time in

his ear, directed that neither he nor any of his household should discover him to the young man.

As soon as they entered the palace, he placed Mitridanes in a sumptuous chamber, where none saw him except the servants who were appointed to wait on him, and paying him the greatest possible respect and deference, he himself remained to keep him company.

Mitridanes being thus left alone with Nathan, although he held him in great reverence for his age, at length turned to him and asked him who he was.

To this Nathan replied, "I am, as you see, but a poor servant of Nathan, who have grown up with him from infancy, and am now like him well stricken in years; yet hath he never bestowed any other advancement upon me than what you see, in which respect, how much soever other men may commend him, yet have I no cause to do it."

These words afforded some hope to Mitridanes that he might be enabled, by a proper degree of caution, to put in execution his wicked determination. Nathan now in a courteous manner asked him in return who he was, and the business which led him to the palace, offering his advice and assistance to the utmost of his power.

Mitridanes for some time debated within himself what to reply; but resolving at last to confide his intentions, with great circumlocution he entreated his secrecy, and after that his counsel and aid, and then informed him who he was and the object of his visit, and communicated, without any pretense or reserve, his whole design to him.

When Nathan had heard this explanation, and saw the evil intentions of Mitridanes, he was sensibly moved, but with great presence of mind and an unaltered countenance replied:

"Your father, Mitridanes, was an honorable man, and I perceive that you are determined not to degenerate from him, having adopted so noble a system of hospitality, and I very much commend you for the envy you bear to the virtues of Nathan, for if there were sufficient of such noble deeds, the world, which is now most miserable, would soon become good and happy. The proposition which you have made known to me shall assuredly be kept secret, in which, though I cannot give you any great aid, I will yet communicate a piece of intelligence that may be of service to you. You must know, then, that about half a mile distant from hence there is a small

wood, in which Nathan is accustomed to walk alone almost every morning, making it his recreation for a considerable space of time. It will then be an easy matter for you to find him there and accomplish your object. If you should succeed in slaying him, you may then return home without interruption, not indeed by the way you came, but by another road which you will find as you leave the wood, on your left hand, and though somewhat wild and overgrown with underwood, it will be a nearer and safer way to your house."

Mitridanes, when he had received this information, and Nathan had left him, secretly rejoined his attendants, and told them where to wait for him on the following day.

Early the next morning, Nathan, in conformity with the counsel he gave to Mitridanes, departed alone to the wood, the place appointed for his death. Mitridanes having risen, and taken up his bow and his sword, and mounting his horse, proceeded to the wood, where he discovered Nathan walking at some distance all alone, taking his usual recreation. Reflecting that before he slew him he should like to see him and speak with him, Mitridanes rode suddenly up to him, and seizing him by the bonnet, cried, "Die! wretch as thou art!"

To which Nathan answered only, "It is meet that I should."

Mitridanes, when he heard his voice, looked upon his face, and immediately recognized him to be the same man who had received him with so much benignity and familiarity, and had counselled him so faithfully. Then his fury instantly subsiding, and his revenge turning into shame, he cast away the sword which he had drawn for the purpose of slaying him, and dismounted from his horse, threw himself in tears at the feet of Nathan, saying:

"Dearest father, I humbly confess your unbounded liberality, perceiving with what caution you have manifested your spirit to me; and God, who has had a greater regard to my duty than I have myself had, has at this moment of my utmost need opened my intellectual eyes, which wretched envy had closed, and the readier you have been to favor me, the more deeply do I deplore my transgressions. Revenge yourself on me, therefore, in whatever way you judge most suitable to my offence."

Nathan then raising Mitridanes from the ground, and kissing his cheek and tenderly embracing him, said:

"My son, with regard to your attempt on my life, whatever

you may term it, there is no need for you either to ask or receive pardon, since it was not through malice, but a desire of being reputed more estimable than me, that you did it. Be assured therefore of my good will, and believe that no other man will love you with the affection which I bear toward you, justly appreciating the magnanimity of your mind, which was bent, not on amassing heaps of money, as wretched misers do, but on spending it with liberality. Nor blush at having wished to become famous by my death, nor think that it excites my surprise. The most potent emperors and kings, instigated by the same feelings as yourself, have often slain, not one man only, as you wished to have done, but countless multitudes of men, and have burnt and destroyed cities in order to extend their dominions and perpetuate their fame. Therefore, when you designed to render yourself famous by taking my life, you did not contemplate anything new or strange, but only a thing of common occurrence."

Mitridanes could not receive this apology as any excuse for his own evil designs, but thanking Nathan for the kindness he had manifested, expressed his astonishment that Nathan should have assented to his plan, and plotted and contrived his own death.

To which Nathan replied :

"Mitridanes, I do not wish that you should feel surprised either at my advice or my disposition of mind, for it was my object to gratify you in what you were ambitious of effecting, as no one ever came to my house whom I did not satisfy to the utmost of my power in the way most agreeable to him : and seeing that you came here with a desire to possess yourself of my life, in order that you might not be the only person who ever departed from me dissatisfied, I immediately resolved to give it to you, and I now pray and entreat you that, if you are still desirous of it, you will take it and satisfy yourself, as I know not how I could better dispose of it. I have now lived eighty years, and they have passed away in pleasure and happiness, and I know from the course of nature and the departure of my contemporaries, that I have only a short span of life remaining. I therefore consider it much better to give away that as I have been in the habit of bestowing my other treasures, than to keep it until it shall be rudely forced from me by nature. A hundred years would indeed be a poor gift ; how much less then are six or eight years,

which are all I can expect ! Take my life, then, I entreat you, if it be agreeable to you ; for whilst I have lived, I never found any one else that was desirous of having it, and I know not when any one else may ask for it, if you do not accept of it ; and if I should not find any one to take it, I know that the longer I keep it, the less value it will be of, and therefore, lest it should become, as the years go on, quite vile and useless, I pray you to accept of it."

Mitridanes, deeply blushing with shame, replied :

"God forbid, sir, that I should take so dear a thing as your life, and may God pardon me for my evil designs. Rather than diminish the term of your life, I would gladly, if it were in my power, add mine own to lengthen it."

"And will you then indeed add to it," Nathan smartly replied, "and oblige me to do that to you which as yet I never did unto any man, namely, rob you to enrich myself ?"

"Certainly," said Mitridanes.

"Then," said Nathan, "you shall do as I direct. You shall remain a young man as you are here in my house, and shall have the name of Nathan, and I will go to your residence, and call myself Mitridanes."

To which Mitridanes replied, "If indeed I knew how to act like you, I would without hesitation accept your offer ; but since it is very evident that my deeds would diminish the reputation of Nathan, and as I am not desirous to destroy in another that which I cannot myself obtain, I will not accept your offer ; but, as you have worthily taught me, will live contented with my own condition."

This and much more agreeable conversation passed between Nathan and Mitridanes as they returned to the palace, where Nathan sumptuously entertained Mitridanes for many days, and encouraged by every means in his power his noble spirit of newly awakened emulation.

Mitridanes, now wishing to return to his own house with his attendants, Nathan having bade him farewell, he departed, having found by good experience that he could never hope to equal, much less to surpass, Nathan in liberality.

HISTORICAL: STATISTICAL: GENERAL

A Century of American Invention....From The Youth's Companion

The year 1890 was the centenary of the United States patent system, which was established in 1790 by a law passed in accordance with a recommendation of President Washington. The report of the Commissioner of Patents for the year 1889 shows that the grand total of patents issued up to the end of the year 1889 exceeded four hundred thousand. Evidently the more new things are invented, the more there are to invent, since nearly twenty-five thousand patents were granted during that year. Although the patent laws have been in existence a hundred years, the patent office was not established until 1836. Before that time patents had been issued by the Department of State. The patent office, indeed, remained a bureau of the State Department of the Interior, which was then first established. In the early years the issue of patents numbered from four to seven hundred a year. In fact, during the first fifty years, only twelve thousand patents were granted—less than half as many as were granted in the single year 1889. The liberal policy of the Government toward inventors, and toward industry in general, soon had the effect greatly to stimulate discovery and invention. The growth of industries and the development of labor-saving machinery and new processes of all kinds have gone hand in hand. It is estimated that two-fifths of the important inventions of the world have originated in the United States. The seats of manufacturing industry are also, generally speaking, the fields of the most active invention. Among the States and Territories, New York, by far the most populous, leads in the number of patents granted to her citizens. She received more than four thousand in 1889. Pennsylvania stands second on the list and Massachusetts third, while the distinctly agricultural States come last; but even the Indian Territory had two patents granted to her citizens during the year. But while New York leads in the aggregate number of patents, the State which leads in the number granted in proportion to the population is Connecticut. The people of that State have remained the most inventive, mechanically speaking, ever since their ingenious and cheap clocks began to go all over the world, and they were accused, no doubt falsely,

of making nutmegs out of basswood. The District of Columbia ranks next to Connecticut in the number of patents issued in proportion to population, and Massachusetts follows closely. The high position of the District of Columbia in this list is due not to its industries, but to the fact that many inventors go to the capital of the country to take out their patents. The Commissioner of Patents calls attention to the interesting fact that, although the number of patents granted has so greatly increased, the ratio of issued patents to applications is now about the same as it has been ever since 1840—namely, about sixty per cent. For every patent a fee is charged. The receipts of the patent office for 1889 were more than two hundred thousand dollars in excess of the expenses.

Obsolete Punishments....Penalties of the Nations....London Graphic

The English criminal code has not always been the lenient thing it now is. A man was formerly sentenced to death or to transportation for life for an offense for which he would now be let off with a month's hard labor—for such an offense as stealing forty shillings belonging to his master, stealing from a shop door, stealing apples from an orchard, or the like. In Halifax, in the sixteenth century, when Harrison wrote his Description of England, there was a law peculiar to the place, under which a man was executed by a kind of guillotine for a theft of thirteen pence half-penny or upward. It is the same Harrison who tells us that Henry VIII. hanged 72,000 "rogues and vagabonds" during his thirty-eight years' reign, and that in his own time the number of these unfortunates suspended *per coll.* averaged annually from three hundred to four hundred. Coin sweaters were boiled in lead or hot water, or, if women, were burned; and a brutal murderer was first of all half hanged, then had his bowels taken out before his eyes and was afterward drawn and quartered. Besides the severe criminal code, half the atrocities of which have been designedly passed over, there were a number of punishments of a more or less humiliating character for petty offenses—such, for instance, as night walking, for which frightful lapsus a chaplain was once sent to the Tun, a round prison on Cornhill; for selling goods after curfew had rung; for being a "common scold," and for scandal mongering and lying—for which, the Liber Albus tells us, a man was once adjudged imprisonment for a year, and a day of the pillory,

once a quarter for three hours, with a wet stone tied around his neck. The curious instruments devised for quenching the ardor of hot-tempered shrews were numerous. One was the brank—a sugarloaf shaped cap, made of iron hooping, with a cross at the top, and a flat piece, also of iron, projecting inward for laying upon the offender's tongue, so that it should not wag, and her head should not move. The brank was padlocked behind, and the woman led through the streets by an officer of the town, probably a beadle, until she began to show "all external sign imaginable of humiliation and amendment." Equally efficacious was the whirlingig, a large circular cage turning upon a pivot. It was put on the heads of trifling offenders of all kinds, and not brawling women alone, and was set awirling with great rapidity, "so that the delinquent soon became extremely sick," and was very glad to be released and taken home. The most noteworthy, however, of all the instruments designed for the correction of Eve's offending daughters was the ducking stool, known as the tumbrel and the trebuchet. A post, across which was a tranverse beam turning on a swivel and with a chair at one end, was set up on the edge of a pond. Into the chair the woman was chained, turned toward the water—a muddy or filthy pond was usually chosen for the purpose when available—and ducked half a dozen times; or, if the water inflamed her instead of acting as a damper, she was let down times innumerable, until she was exhausted and wellnigh drowned. In Liverpool, it was not formally abolished until 1776, but it was falling into desuetude more than thirty years before, when such an exhibition at Kingston-on-Thames was so novel that it would draw nearly three thousand spectators to the scene. There is a good deal of humor in another of these queer obsolete punishments—the drunkard's cloak, with the invention of which the magistrates of Newcastle-on-Tyne during Cromwell's protectorate are credited. It consisted of a large cask with the bottom taken out and a hole in the top and one on each side for the toper's head and arms, and equipped in this great coat he was led through the streets until the looked for signs of contrition appeared and he promised to give up drinking sack. Torture on a great scale went out with Felton, the assassin of Buckingham, but torture on a small scale continued to be practiced on military offenders down to the eighteenth century. The form most frequently resorted to

was that known as the wooden horse, the riding of which was the punishment accorded for petty thefts and insubordination. The wooden horse was made of planks nailed together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle about eight or nine feet long. This ridge represented the back of the horse, and was supported by four posts or legs about five feet high, placed on a stand made movable by truckles. To complete the resemblance with the noblest animal in creation, a head and tail were added. When a soldier was sentenced to ride the horse, he was placed on the brute's back, with his hands tied behind him, and frequently enough, in order to increase the pain, muskets were fastened to his legs to weigh them down, or, as was jocularly said, "to prevent the fiery untamed barebacked steed from kicking him off." The gantelope, or gauntlet, was another military and naval punishment for theft. A man had to run the gauntlet of a long file of his fellow soldiers, each provided with a switch, and to prevent the sinner going too rapidly and to see that no man impelled by motives of friendliness or kindness failed to strike hard, a sergeant walked backward, facing the said sinner, with a halberd pointed at the latter's breast. After a lengthy experiment this was found to be inconvenient and degrading; so recourse was had to another method—a variety of the same species of torture. The offender was tied to four halberds, three in a triangle and a fourth across. The regiment or company then filed off, the cat-o'-nine-tails was placed in the hands of the first man, who gave the culprit a lash and passed on, handing the cat to the second, who gave a lash, and so the game went merrily on.

The Study of Statistics....From The San Francisco Chronicle

For the average reader, the subject of abstract statistics often possesses no more charm than the multiplication table or the differential calculus. He cannot see that the average death rate, or the scale of wages, or commercial statistics can interest or amuse him in the slightest degree, and he is strongly inclined to the belief that they cannot instruct him, for while he admits the force of the aphorism that figures cannot lie, he knows very well that the man who makes the figures can, and is almost ready to say at his leisure, as King David said in his haste, that all men are liars. In direct opposition to this opinion of the average reader is that of the English writer, Michael G. Mulhall, the most eminent living

statistician, who begins a recent magazine article with these words: "If political economy be the dryest of sciences, the study of statistics is the most entertaining of human pursuits." Leaving out of consideration Mr. Mulhall's bias for the study which has made him distinguished, it must be admitted that he makes a strong argument in favor of his position. He says: "No other study is of wider scope, for it treats of everything within the range of human knowledge. There is nothing affecting the welfare of the humblest member of the human race, whether as regards mind or body, that is not embraced by this science. It takes the infant at his birth, accompanies him through every stage of life, watches over his health with parental solicitude, and records every action till the moment of decease. It is a silent monitor which no prudent statesman can despise, while its utility increases with age and its language is intelligible to all nations." Mr. Mulhall lays great stress on what he calls "speculative statistics," and gives some very clever illustrations of their capabilities and uses. He says: "Some one inquires, 'What are the numbers of Anglicans, Roman Catholics, etc., in England?' The official statist replies, 'It is not known, because the census takes no cognizance of creeds.' But I answer, 'We know perfectly well, for the Registrar-General's returns show that 72 per cent. of the marriages are performed in the Church of England, 4 per cent. in the Catholic churches and 24 per cent. among dissenters.' Somebody else asks, 'What is the consumption of eggs in the United Kingdom?' The official statist replies, 'We can tell you the number imported, but not the home production.' And I answer, 'We have 20,000,000 hens, which usually lay 90 eggs each per annum, from which, deducting 10 for hatching, we have 1,600,000,000 home product and 1,100,000,000 imported last year; in all about 2,700,000,000, or 73 per inhabitant.'" These, with others, are given only as illustrations by Mr. Mulhall, but they open up a very wide field of what may be called scientific speculation which cannot fail to interest and even fascinate. For example, in the United States the question is often mooted as to the annual extent and value of our internal commerce. The official statist, like his British colleague, replies, "We cannot tell. We have no interstate customs laws, and hence no method of noting the ebb and flow of interstate trade and commerce." But some

American Mulhall will arise who will approach the problem in another way. He will study closely and intelligently the figures of railroad transportation and of domestic water carriage, and from this he will deduce general rules which will give him fairly accurate tables of averages, and then his task is accomplished, for the rest is mere matter of computation. Another illustration given by Mr. Mulhall must suffice to show the interest which lies in the study of statistics. In 1860 Dr. Farr announced to the Statistical Congress that the number of sick persons at any time in a given city will be double the number of those who died in the whole of the preceding year. This assertion, which Mr. Mulhall deems a genuine discovery, cannot fail to be of interest, the fact on which it is based being of value in a sanitary point of view.

A Triumph in Surgery....An Artificial Skin....Philadelphia Record

On July 30, 1890, Wesley Kellar fell into a steam-vat at the Indianapolis Veneer works. He was taken out as quickly as possible, but he had been scalded from the soles of his feet to the middle of his chest. One arm was blistered to the shoulder. Huge blisters puffed up all over the man's body, and the fluid which had exuded from the flesh to fill them had been cooked to a jelly. In removing his clothes great strips of the outside or scarf-skin came off, leaving exposed the true skin underneath, cooked until it looked like a par-boiled lobster. His toes and ankles were so blistered and swollen as to lose nearly all resemblance to human members. As soon as his fellow-workmen got Kellar out of the vat, they telephoned for the company's surgeon, Dr. Ralph Perry. "There is, perhaps, one chance in a thousand of saving this man," said the surgeon. He set to work, however, and greased Kellar from top to toe with a mixture of linseed oil and lime water. Then he swathed the body in cotton wadding, from which all possible impurities and disease germs had been removed by chemicals. For two days and nights the case hung without loss or gain. A teaspoonful of brandy was given every few hours. Then a change came. Kellar seemed to be choking. The throat became swollen, but this swelling was checked. The man's temperature rose a little. Fever set in. This gave great hope. The next morning Kellar asked for something to eat, and actually ate a piece of pie and drank some coffee. The news of this shocked the

surgeon at first, but he said: "I guess we'll win the fight, for a man who can eat pie, with no skin on him has life enough left to grow a new one." When suppuration began great care was taken to let out the pus at every point. The first dressing took three hours; the second still longer. Five days were consumed in taking off the bits of old skin, four hours each day being spent with the forceps, scissors and scalpel removing the skin layer by layer. Not a piece as big as a dime was forced. Kellar's pluck was marvelous. The raw surfaces were dressed with an iodoform mixture and bandaged with soft stuffs. Meanwhile the swamps of South Bend were being scoured for two-pound frogs. A bushel basket of these were cleaned with a germicide mixture and fed on pure food. The raw surfaces on Kellar's body were tenderly washed with clean warm water, then with peroxide of hydrogen, which destroys pus. The utmost cleanliness and wholesomeness was insisted upon. Just before applying the frog-skin the raw surface was washed with a weak solution of corrosive sublimate. Everything ready, the first frog was brought out. With a quick snip of the scissors its spinal cord was severed at the back of the neck. Then the loose, pearly white skin from over the abdomen was quickly taken out and thrust into a dish of water which had been boiled, but which was now merely warm. In the water had been dropped a little of the corrosive sublimate solution. Being cleansed, the skin was cut up into bits about a tenth of an inch square and applied to Kellar's body—inside in, outside out. Powdered iodoform was dusted over the graft, which was sealed tightly from impurities. Dr. Perry made grafts on forty-two occasions. Thirty-two operations were unsatisfactory; ten were satisfactory. From each of the ten centers healthy skin radiated, until now Kellar is "as good as new."

Across the Dark Continent....G. R. Dupont....L'Exploration

The Dark Continent has been crossed from coast to coast just sixteen times. Here is a complete chronological list.

1802-1811, from Angola to Tete, on the lower Zambesi, by the Portuguese, Honorate da Casta.

1833-1848, from Mozambique to Benguela, by the Portuguese, F. J. Coimbra.

1853-1856, from Benguela to the mouth of the Rovuma, by the Portuguese, Silva Porto.

1854-1856, from San Paulo de Loando to Quillimane, by David Livingstone.

1865-1866, from Tripolis to the Gulf of Guinea, by the German, G. Rohlfs.

1873-1875, from Bagamoyo to Benguela, by Cameron.

1874-1877, from Bagamoyo to the mouth of the Congo, by Henry M. Stanley.

1877-1879, from Benguela to Port Natal, by the Portuguese, Serpa Pinto.

1880-1882, from Suakim to the mouth of the Niger, by two Italians, Matteuci and Massari.

1882-1884, from San Paulo de Loando to Saadani, by the German, Major Wissman.

1882-1884, from Port Natal to Benguela, by the Scotch Missionary, Arnat.

1884-1885, from Mossamedes to Quillimane, by two Portuguese, Capello and Ivans.

1885-1886, from the Stanley Falls to Bagamoyo, by the Swede, Lieutenant Gleeruff.

1885-1887, from the mouth of the Congo to Quillimane, by the Austrian, Oscar Lenz.

1887-1889, from Angola to Mozambique, by the Frenchman, Captain Trevier.

1887-1890, from mouth of Congo to Bagamoyo, by Stanley.

Standard Weights and Measures....From the Scientific American

A wonderful collection of standard weights and measures is preserved in the fireproof building of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, in Washington. Among the weights are the cruder forms, originally used in this country as standards. Three are of special interest. One, which is nearly cylindrical in shape, with a slight groove around its upper part, is known as the gilt pound, and it represents the British unit of weight. "The committee kilogramme" is a brass weight, and is one of a number made at the same time, under the charge of the French committee that, near the end of the last century, established the original metric standards of measurement. Its true weight was within one-half milligramme at the furthest. It is a cylinder fifty-three millimeters in diameter, the height being equal to the diameter. The committee had a peculiar stamp, which consisted of an ellipse, supposed to represent a meridian section of the earth, with three quadrants

shaded, and with the figures 10,000,000 marked within the unshaded quadrant near its outer perimeter. That stamp is impressed on the bottom of the kilogramme. The metal now has minute holes. A weight known as the Arago platinum kilogramme is cylindrical in shape. Albert Gallatin, when Minister to France in 1821, procured it. In 1879 it was compared with the British platinum kilogramme, and its specific gravity was determined by Chaney. In 1884 it was taken to Paris for comparison with the international standard. The national prototype kilogramme is kept under a glass case. It was constructed by the coöperation of the principal governments of the world, as represented by delegates at a convention in Paris in 1872. The standard meters and kilogrammes established by them were reproduced and distributed by lot in 1889. The productions are termed national prototypes. For the preservation of the original international prototypes a subterranean vault has been provided in Paris to protect them from accident and against any sudden or great change in temperature that might cause a change in the molecular structure of the metal. Three different keys to the locks of the vault are under the charge of three individuals. The American national prototypes are to be preserved with similar precautions in Washington. The kilogramme is of a standard alloy of 90 per cent. platinum and 10 per cent. iridium, with a tolerance of 2 per cent. in excess or deficiency. The form is that of a cylinder, with slightly rounded edges, its height being equal to its diameter. The national prototype meter is of the same alloy as the kilogramme. The bar is 1.02 m. long. The ceremony of breaking the seals of the prototype meter and kilogramme took place at the White House in the presence of President Harrison, Secretary Blaine, Secretary Windom, and a distinguished company, on January 2, 1890. The departments were represented by officials, who signed a memorial to the effect that they had witnessed the ceremony. The standard yard, as supplied by the Government to the States, consists of the yard proper and a template that protects the terminal points. The Troughton scale, bearing the maker's name, and dated London, 1814, was made for the use of the Coast Survey of the United States. It is a brass bar with an inlaid silver scale. It is 86 inches long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. The strip of silver down its center is inlaid flush with the brass, and is a little

more than one-tenth of an inch wide. Two parallel lines are ruled on the silver longitudinally, being about one-tenth of an inch apart. Starting at about 3.2 inches from one end of the bar, the graduations begin, and the silver strip is divided for its length into tenths of inches. As a standard of reference the individual between the twenty-seventh and sixty-third inches of that scale has been adopted. That part corresponds to the mean of the whole scale, and has been compared with other standards. The yard and ell bed-plate made by Thomas Jones, instrument maker for the Honorable Board of Ordinance, etc., of Great Britain, bears the impression of the exchequer stamp. Two grooves run longitudinally along the bar, with stops at the ends. The length between one pair of stops is supposed to be a yard, and that between the other pair an ell. The copies of the British standard yard are of bronze and iron, and were presented to the United States by the British Government in 1856. Each bar is one inch square in section and thirty-eight inches long. At each end are wells a half inch in diameter and sunk a half inch below the surface, thus reaching the medial plane. In the bottom of each well is a gold pin one-tenth of an inch in diameter, on which are drawn three transverse and two longitudinal lines. The yard is the distance from the center of one middle transverse line in one well to the corresponding point in the other well. Covers are provided for the wells in order to protect them from dust. The iron yard is of Low Moor iron. They are inscribed in each case with the temperature at which they are supposed to be standard, 61.79° Fah. for the bronze bar, 62.58° Fah. for the iron bar. The committee meter, the standard of the French committee in 1799, is one of fifteen similar bars made at that time, and was brought to this country in 1805. It is a plain iron bar 29 mm. wide and 9 mm. thick. In a glass case are various standards of measure and weight. The measures of capacity are fitted with glass plate covers for sliding over the accurately ground edge of the metal to secure absolute fulness. A set of United States coin weights, troy ounces, etc., are also preserved. All these standards are kept in a room which is dark and dustless.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES

How Sir Richard Died....Walter Thornbury....Poems

Stately as bridegroom to a feast
Sir Richard trod the scaffold stair,
And, bowing to the crowd, untied
The love-locks from his sable hair;
Took off his watch, "Give that to Ned,
I've done with time," he proudly said.

'Twas bitter cold—it makes him shake.
Said one, "Ah! see the villain's look!"
Sir Richard, with a scornful frown,
Cried, "Frost, not fear, my body shook!"
Giving a gold-piece to the slave,
He laughed, "Now praise me, master knave!"

They pointed, with a sneering smile,
Unto a black box, long and grim;
But no white shroud, nor badge of death,
Had power to draw a tear from him;
"It needs no lock," he said in jest,
"This chamber where to-night I rest."

Then crying out—"God save the King!"
In spite of hiss and shout and frown;
He stripped his doublet, dropped his cloak,
And gave the headsman's man a crown;
Then "On for heaven!" he proudly cried,
And bowed his head—and so he died.

Qua Cursum Ventus....Arthur Hugh Clough....Collected Poems

As ships becalmed at eve that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried,

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamed but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,

Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blamed, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, and darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O, blithe breeze! and O, great seas!
Though ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

The Death of D'Assat....J. J. Proctor....The Dominion Monthly

The night was come, and the moon looked down
Through the struggling clouds on the sleeping town;
An hour ago, and a noisy throng
Was hustling the roaring streets along.

All day their echoing pulses had stirred
To song and laughter, and jesting word;
Now they lay in the silvery light
Silent, and empty, and lone as night.

The last keen bargain was closed, the kiss
Left its last lingering pledge of bliss,
The last good-night, and the last faint prayer,
Had sped through the waves of the closing air,

The great bell up in the belfry tower
Had long ago clanged the midnight hour,
And fainter and fainter the sentinel
Droned out his cuckoo cry, "All's well."

Beyond the walls in the deep'ning shades,
A soldier was pacing the forest glades ;
Little he dreamed of the feats of arms,
Of foemen near, or of war's alarms,

Yet he thought of her who had sent him to fight,
For the cause of his God and his country's right,
And he felt his heart within him burn
As he coupled the names "Elaine" and "Auvergne."

A voice in his ear, and a nervous hand
Plucks from his grasp the half-drawn brand.
"Silence ! a motion, a word, a breath
Is the certain signal of instant death !"

Round him from under the gloomy trees
Cluster the foemen like swarming bees,
And the moonbeams shiver awhile, ere they rest
On the dark-blue bayonets poised at his breast.

Loud and clear as the bugle's blare,
Sang out th' alarm on the startled air,
"Ho ! sentinel on the ramparts, Ho !
Arm, arm, Auvergne ! 'tis the foe, the foe !"

Tramp of men, and the trumpet's call,
And the watch-fires blazing along the wall,
And the deep-mouthed cannon spoke out "All's well,
Auvergne is ready"—so D'Assat fell.

Alone With My Conscience....Charles W. Stubbs....Poems

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.

And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight ;

And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.

And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience, sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of my former tremblings,
Of the judgment day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave ;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.

Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.

And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the vision
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

THE RESCUE OF EDITHA THE SAXON

*The Re-incarnation of Phra the Phœnician**

We had gone a mile or two through the leafy tangles; a hush fell upon the troop with which I rode, and then, with a shout, we burst into a run, for up from the valley beyond came the unmistakable sound of conflict and turmoil. We breasted the last ridge, I and two hundred men, and there, suddenly emerging into the open, was the bloody valley of Senlac beneath us, and the sunny autumn sea beyond, and at our feet, right and left, the wail and glitter and dust of nearly finished battle—Harold had fought without us, and we saw the quick-coming forfeit he had to pay.

The unhappy Saxons down there on the pleasant grassy undulations and among the yellow gorse and ling stood to it like warriors of good mettle, but already the day was lost.

We saw a mighty mass of foreign cavalry creeping round the shoulder of the hill, like the shadow of a rain-cloud upon a sunny landscape; we saw the thousand gonfalons of the spoilers fluttering in the wind; we saw the glitter on the great throng of Northern chivalry that crowded after the black charger of William of Normandy and the sacred flag—accursed ensign—that Toustain held aloft; we saw their sweeping charge, and then when it was passed, the battle was gone and done, the Saxon power was a hundred little groups dying bravely in different corners of the field.

Then the ill news came to Senlac by a wounded soldier, and the women were filling the air with cries, Adeliza, Harold's wife leading them, and when dawning came nothing would serve but she must go and find her husband's body. Much the good monk tried to dissuade her, but to no purpose, and, swathing herself in a man's long cloak, with one fair maiden likewise disguised, and me for a guide, before there was light in the sky, the brave Norman girl set out.

And sorry was our errand and grim our success. The field of battle was deserted, save of dead and dying men. On the

* From "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician." By Edwin Lester Arnold. Harper & Bros. Phra, originally a Phœnician merchant, dies and lives anew many times, but preserves his personal identity under the garb of a dozen transmigrations, many generations apart. This present awakening is at the time of the Norman invasion of Britain.

dark wind of the night went up to heaven from it a great fitful moan, as the wounded groaned in their miseries.

Everywhere, as we threaded the mazes of destruction or stepped unwitting, in the darkness, into pools of blood and mire, were dead warriors in every shape and contortion, laying all asprawl, or piled up one on top of another, or sleeping pleasantly in dreamless dissolution against the red sides of stricken horses. And many were the pale, blood-besmeared faces of princes and chiefs my white-faced ladies turned up to the starlight, and many were the sodden yellow curls they lifted with icy fingers from the dead faces of thanes and franklins, until, in an hour, the Norman girl, who had gone a little apart from us, suddenly stood still. Then up to the clear, black vault of heaven there went such a shriek as hushed even the midnight sorrows of the battlefield itself.

The king was found!

And Editha the hand-maiden, too, made her find—her noble father and her two stalwart brothers.

Never did silenter courtiers than we six sit at a monarch's feet until the day should break; and then we who lived covered the comely faces with the hems of their Saxon tunics, and were away to the Norman camp, that the poor princess-girl might beg a trophy of her victorious father.

We entered the camp without harm, but had to stand by until the conqueror should leave his tent and enter the rough shelter that had already been erected for him. Here, while we waited, a young knight, guessing Editha's sex through her long cloak, roughly pulled down the kerchief she was holding across her face. Whereupon I struck him so heavily with my fist that, for a minute, he reeled back against the horse he was leading, and then out came his falchion, and out came mine, and we fell upon each other most heartily.

But before a dozen passes had been made, the bystanders separated us, and at the same moment the Normans set up a shout, and the brand-new English tyrant strode out of his tent, and, encircled by a glittering throng, entered the open audience-hall. Adeliza dropped her white veil as he sat himself down, and called to him, and ran to the foot of his chair, and wept and knelt. Even the stern son of Robert the Devil was moved, and took her to him, and stroked her hair, soothing her, and calling her in Norman-French his pretty daughter, as he promised her any boon she might ask.

And that boon was the body of Harold *Infelix*.

Meanwhile, a knight led the weeping princess away to her father's tent, but when I and Editha would have followed, two iron-coated rogues crossed their halberds in our path.

"Not so fast there, my bulky champion!" called William the Bastard to me. "What is this I heard about your striking a Norman for glancing at yonder silly Saxon wench? By St. Denis! your girls will have to learn to be more lenient! Whence come you? What was your father's name?"

"I hardly know," I said, without thinking.

"Ah! a too common ignorance nowadays!" sneered the conqueror, turning to his laughing knights.

Wrathfully I replied, "At least, my father never mistook, under cover of the night, a serving-wench for a princess!"

The shaft took the soldier in a very tender spot, and his naturally sallow countenance blanched slowly to a hideous yellow as a smile went round the steel circle of his martial courtiers at my too telling answer. Yet even then I could not but do his iron will justice for the stern resolution with which the passion was restrained in that cold and cruel face. When he turned and spoke in the ear of his marshal standing near there was no tremor of anger in the inflexible voice with which he ordered me to be taken out and hanged "to the nearest tree that will bear him" in ten minutes.

"As for the Saxon wench— Here, Des Ormeux"—turning to a grim villain, in steel harness, at his side—"this girl has a good fief, she and it are yours for the asking!"

Loudly the assembled soldiers laughed as Des Ormeux pounced upon the shrieking Editha and bore her out of one door, while, in spite of my fierce struggles to get at him, I was hustled into the open from another.

They dragged me into a green avenue between the huts of the invader's camp while they went for a rope to hang me with. And as I stood thus loosely guarded and waiting among them, down the Norman ravisher came pacing toward us on his war-horse, bound toward his tent, with my white Saxon flower fast gripped in front of him.

Oh, but he was proud to think himself possessed of a slice of fair English soil so easily, and to have his courtship made so simple for him, and he looked this way and that, with an accursed grin upon his face, no more heeding the tears and struggles of his victim than the falcon cares for the stricken

pigeon's throes. When they came opposite to us Editha saw me and threw out her hands and shrieked to me, and, when I turned away my eyes and did not move, surely it seemed as though her heart would have broken.

Three more paces the war-horse made, and then, with the spring of a leopard thirsting for blood, I was alongside of him, another bound and I was on the crupper behind, and there, quicker than thought, quicker than the lightning strikes down the pine-tree, I had lifted the Norman's steel shoulder-plate, and stabbed him with my long keen dagger so fiercely in the back that the point came out under his mid-rib, and the red blood spurted to his horse's ears. Quicker too, than it takes to tell I had gripped the maiden from the spoiler's dying hands, and, pushing his bloody body from the saddle, had thrown my own legs over the crescent peak. Before the gaping scullion soldiers comprehended my bold stroke for freedom I had turned the horse's head and was thundering through the camp toward the free green woods beyond.

And we reached them safely; a rascal or two let fly their cross-bows at us as we flew by, and I heard the bolts hum merrily past my ears, but they did no harm; and there was mounting and galloping and shouting, but the mailed Normans were wonderfully slow in their stirrups! I laughed to see them scrambling and struggling into their seats, two or three men to every warrior who got safely up, and we soon left them far behind.

Down into the dip we rode, my good horse spurning in his stride the still fresh bodies of yesterday's fighters, and spinning the empty helmets, and clattering through all the broken litter of the bitter contest, until we swept up the inland slopes into the stunted birch and hazels. And then—turning for a moment to shake my fist at the nearest of the distant Normans—I headed into the leafy shelter, and was speedily free from all chance of pursuit.

Then, and not before, was there time to take a glance at my beautiful prize, lying so gentle and light upon my breast. Alas! every tint of color had gone from her fair features, and she lay there in my arms, fainting and pulseless.

Presently she recovered, and all that day we rode forward through the endless vistas of the southern woods by bridle tracks and swine paths, until at nightfall, far from other shelters, we halted among the rocks of a little eminence.

There was naught much to tell you of this evening, but it lives forever in my memory for one particular which consorted strangely with the thoughts the flight with, and rescue of, Editha had aroused. I had found her a roomy hollow in the rocks, and there had cut with my dagger and made a bed of rushes, built a fire, and got her some roots to eat, and when darkness fell we talked by the cheerful blaze.

She wept and sighed in gentle melancholy, yet without the wild, inconsolable grief latter times have taught to women, until presently those tearful blue eyes grew heavier, and the shapely chin dropped in weariness upon her white breast, and Edith, of Voewood, slept in the hands of the stranger.

Then I went out and looked at the blackness of the night. Over the sombre forest the shadowy pall of the evening was spread, and a thousand stars gleamed brightly on every hand. Very still and strange was that unbroken fastness after the red turmoil of yesterday, with nothing disturbing the silence but the cry of an owl to its mate across the coppices, the tinkle of a falling streamlet, and now and then the long, hungry howling of a wolf, or, nearer by, the sharp barking of the foxes. I fed my horse, then went in and pulled the fire together, and fell a-ruminating, my chin on my hands, upon a hundred episodes of happiness and fear.

Oh, strange eternal powers who set the goings and comings of humanity, what is the meaning of this wild riddle you are reading me?" I said presently aloud to myself. "Oh! Happi and Amenti, dark Goddesses of the Egyptians—oh! Atropos, Lachesis, Clotho, fatal sisters whom the Romans dread—Mista, Skogula, Zerneck, of these dark Saxon shadows—why am I thus chosen for this uncertain immortality, when will this changeful history of my being end?"

As I muttered thus to myself I glanced at the white girl sleeping in the ruddy blaze, and saw her chest heave, and then—strange to tell, stranger to hear—with a sound like the whisper of a distant sea, her lips parted, and there came unmistakably the word—"Never!"

Perhaps she was but dreaming of that amorous Norman's fierce proposals, but at this very echo of my thoughts I stared hard at her who answered so appropriately, but there could be no doubt Editha was in an unusually deep sleep.

PEN PICTURES: THE WORLD OVER

The Seven Wonders of Corea....From the St. Louis Republic

Corea, like the world of the ancient, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated they are as follows: First, a hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient a dip in the water proves efficacious. The second wonder is two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full the other is always empty; and notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage one is of the bitterest bitter, and the other pure and sweet. The third wonder is Cold Wind cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it. A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly—like the phoenix from her ashes. The fifth is the most wonderful of all. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever! The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which from remote ages has lain glowing with heat on the top of a high hill. The seventh and last Corean wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow. There are no trees or flowers inside the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy.

Night in the Australian Bush....Wm. Churchill....Brooklyn Times

How close darkness treads upon the heels of speeding light in the bush. It was but a moment ago that the westering sun cast long shadows of the gaunt, gray gum trees over the bare, gray ground; it was but a moment ago that you saw the laughing jackass dart himself down upon the envenomed

snake, a shadowy arrow fighting headlong from the treetop where he hides, armed with a long, lancelike beak and feathered of himself. You saw his flight but one short moment ago and now it is too dark to see the nervous, balancing flutter of his noiseless wing as he returns with his victim ; but you know that he holds the writhing, deadly curse of the land, for you hear the patter, patter of the cold offal as it drips upon the crisp, dried leaves and the rolls of shredded bark which the tree has shed upon the ground. Then you hear his shrill cry, a crazy laugh, the rancous ho, ho ! ha, ha ! as of some boozy yokel when he sees his brother yokel slip and slide. Thus he laughs from time to time, waking the cockatoos to almost human screaming of discontent. How quickly night succeeds day in the bush, where there is no twilight. When last you looked you saw one lone mallu on a hilltop stand against the sun's copper disk like a huge tattered umbrella. Look again, and you see the Southern Cross in the deep purple sky. It's on one side now. When the night has half sped its shadowy course you'll see it stand erect, the symbol of the faith, and at its foot you'll see the sheen and shimmer of Magellan's clouds and the solemn shade of the black hole where no stars flicker—a void in immensity. The sun has set. End your day's tramp, lonesome traveler on the wallaby track. It is not safe to travel further with not a ray of light to guide you. There is a little water left in this billabong. You can pick up twigs enough to make a fire ; unsling your bluey and do a camp. Throw down your blanket on the ground ; it will take no dampness from this baked and thirsty sod. That chunk of damper will last you to-night and to-morrow. Build your fire, hang your smoke-blackened billy from a crotched stick, throw in the tea and let it boil. What good eating damper is for a hungry man when its good ; how it cloy upon the taste, how it sticks to the ribs when its a sod ! Yet 'tis easy to make damper. A shallow hole scooped in the ground ; line it with a piece of cloth ; sprinkle in your flour and salt it well ; pour on your water with an even trickle and mix it with the kneader's virtues of faith and hope. While it still is stiff enough to keep its shape scrape away the bright embers of your fire and put the raw damper in its heart ; throw the hot coals over all and keep your fire bright ; brush the coals away ; stand the damper on its side and snap it with your finger. If it sounds

clear you have been successful ; if its tone is dull you have made nothing but a sod. And billy tea is not so bad. You would better be content, for these two will be your night's meal, your morrow's meal and countless morrow's to come, the only food of thousands of Australian wanderers. The tea is boiling in the billy, take it off to cool, sit by the little flame of your fire for cheer, break your damper, sip your tea. What queer bird is this that comes stalking out of the darkness, which, in mercy to his ungainly hideousness, has screened him from sight ? With no hesitation he stalks up to you in the circle of firelight, as to an old and tried friend. His body is about the size of a fowl's ; his legs are long and crooked, with corns upon the toes, and bunions on the knees ; his feathers are all awry ; his neck is long and slender and two beady black eyes glisten at the base of a long beak. He comes up close beside you and stands on one leg ; then he puts the hidden leg down and draws the ridiculous length of the other up about his farcical person. You still do not regard him as he cranes his head toward your face and says : " Hiss—ss—ss ! " Faugh, the bird smells bad ! But do not neglect him. Give him of your damper to eat, stroke his clumsy head. He is the Native Companion, and to you, if you but pet him, he will be this night a fellow most to be desired. Stuff your pipe with blackstrap and light it at a coal ; roll yourself in your blanket and sleep, for you must make a start just as soon as ever the sun throws its first red ray athwart the salt bush plain. Your fire is sinking but you are better off without it. Through the clear air you hear the yelp and howl of the dingo running down a kangaroo. Your fire goes entirely out, for these gum trees do not very long keep a coal alive, and as the last aromatic whiff of its light expiring smoke mingles with the last puff of your pipe, which has been bubbling and stewing in its bowl for the last five minutes, you hear a sweet note full of melody. As your pipe drops from your hand your drowsy ears are filled with the sweet tones of vesper bells ringing here and ringing there, far in the northern distance, softly sounding along the southern plains, borne in clear and strong on the faint wind out of the west and coming low and faint down the wind toward the east and the morning. So sleep, wearied one ! Sleep, for your ears have heard the mystery of the bell bird. Then the snakes come out—sleek, slippery things that crawl by

night with death in their mouths and never a sign of warning. Look out! Their slightest morsel is agony beyond all relief save the death sweat. Now your trusty Native Companion stands you in good stead, burlesque of birds though he be. Those beady eyes are watching the snake, a quick dart through the darkness and the serpent is pierced through the head. A dozen times in the night he'll save your life and, ere sunrise, vanish into some grateful shade without waiting for the careless, selfish ingratitude with which you, being a man, would greet him. And so the black night wears away. The dingoes yelp, the bell bird chimes his sweet bob-majors, the curlew pipes a saddening note and ever and anon the kingfisher in his tree flouts you and fleers you and laughs until the woods ring again, "Ho-ho, ha-ha, ho-ho, ho!"

How to Enjoy Gibraltar....R. F. Lee....From the Pall Mall Gazette

The way to enjoy Gib is certainly to leave the faithful but too prosaic Murray in your cabin. When you land, treat with scorn all proffers from guide and driver and donkey boy. Cross the drawbridges as if to the manner born; pass the semi-tropic garden that fills the corner space to the entrance to the town, noting as you pass on the right the disused nook filled with graves where some of the heroes of Trafalgar sleep, brought here to die of their wounds. Next ask the first soldier the way to the D. A. G.'s office, where a pass is courteously given admitting to the famous galleries. The summit is now tabu to all not employed on the new works in progress there, but the lower of the three tiers of galleries will amply suffice us. This dates from the last century, and most of it was tunnelled out during the great four years' siege from 1789 to 1793. A leisurely stroll upward to the Moorish castle takes us in a right direction for the entrance. We note the ascending alleys are named ramps, for we are in a fortress. One is lettered "Right-Shoulders-Forward," quaint words of command of the days of powder and pigtail and the manœuvres of Dundas. We reach an Old World guard room, with a large fig tree, leafless now, for the time of figs is not yet. Just within the Moorish arch of the gateway we are arrested by the trim artillery sentry, with his Martini carbine on his arm. The corporal of the guard inspects our pass, and we write our names in a book, and are then handed over to a warrant officer, a master gunner, who

has the keys of the gallery doors. We ascend by a covered way a deep trench sunk in the solid rock, so our heads are well below the surface—a surface liable to be swept, in time of siege, with fragments of shell and whistling mitraille. Here Spring is already at work with her flower show. Already tall plants of some kind of allium are beautiful with spikes of reddish-white blossom. A purple saffron, with an orange-color center, nestles in clusters in the nooks, and a shrub of genista is bursting out into golden bloom. We soon reach the mouth of the gloomy gallery, closed by a strong palisaded door. The tunnel is some ten feet wide by twelve feet high, and ascends gently. We pass here under a water drip, which increases to a shower bath after rain; and we notice the grim black guns have wooden waterproofs to protect them. Glorious are the views that are given by successive embrasures. Far beneath, as a cardboard model, lies fort and casement and the houses of the town, but beyond them the rippling, azure sea. Anon we reach a battery where cannon point to Spain. Beneath we see the racecourse, already green, though worn bare with the tramp of marching men, for it is the drill ground of the garrison. Here, with their backs to the Mediterranean Sea, are rows of targets painted with black figures, reduced by the distance down to the size of dots. These are being fired at by other black dots. Real live ones these, for the King's Royal Rifles are at musketry practice. Faint comes the crack of the Martinis, and tiny are the puffs of blue smoke. Beyond them stretches across the isthmus the narrow gray mound of sand, pierced at the center by the broad white road that leads to Spain. Wayfarers must keep to this, for on that bank, at intervals, are nine sentry boxes. Between them, by night and day, year in, year out, pace the British sentinels that watch the neutral ground. Neutral in tint also, a level plain and bare, with neither grass nor tree, nor flower. We guess it to be a mile across to the Spanish lines and the white-walled houses of the little town which arises on the further verge of this little desert.

King Solomon's Mines....In Mashonaland....The Chicago Times

All those who have read Rider Haggard's graphic description of King Solomon's Mines will be interested to know that the mines in question, are a sober reality, and that within a few months they have been traced and discovered by

the Mashonaland expedition of the English Southeast African Company. The existence of gold had long been suspected in the territory which had just been brought within the sphere of British influence to the south of the Zambesi, but the hostility of the barbarous inhabitants of the country prevented any attempt to identify Mashonaland with the land of Ophir, mentioned in the Old Testament as the country whence King Solomon obtained the vast quantity of gold and precious metal used in the decoration of his temple at Jerusalem. In Mashonaland has also been located the empire of the Queen of Sheba, which some, however, declare to have lain further north, in the neighborhood of Abyssinia. Indeed, the negus, or sovereigns of Abyssinia, claim descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Zinbabwe, an ancient city in Mashonaland, was visited many years ago by the German traveler Mauch, but he did not appear to have any knowledge of the gold mines, nor did he offer any hypothesis. A few months ago, some members of the British South Africa Company's pioneer force stumbled upon the ruins, which lie at the base of a striking and precipitous granite cliff or "kopje." An outer wall about four feet high runs apparently around the entire "kopje," but owing to the dense jungle this wall could not be traced further than half a mile. Next come indications of a second and inner wall which, for the same reason, was unable to be traced for any distance. Then, amid a perfect labyrinth of remains of smaller circular buildings stands a high wall of circular shape, from thirty feet to thirty-five feet high, forming a complete inclosure of an area eighty yards in diameter. This wall is ten feet thick at the base and tapers to about seven at the top, is built of small granite blocks about twice the size of an ordinary brick, beautifully hewn and dressed, laid in perfectly even courses, and is put together without use of any mortar or cement whatever. This inclosure is entered by a mere gap in the wall, but which at one time was a well-built entrance, as it is clearly shown by the rounded off courses. Inside the building itself and close to the entrance and outer wall stands a cone-shaped tower thirty-five feet high and eighteen feet in diameter at the base, built of the same granite blocks, and consisting of solid masonry. On the southeast front of the wall and twenty feet from its base runs a double zigzag scroll, one-third of the distance around, composed of the same sized granite

blocks placed in diagonal positions. On the "kopje" and hillside itself there are numerous traces of remains of a similar character, circular buildings wedged in among boulders of rock walled terraces, at least nine in number; and built on the very summit, an enormous mass of granite blocks to be used apparently as a fort, and which, owing to the complete absence of any disintegrating forces in this climate, is in almost a perfect state of preservation. The tendency to construct circular buildings would seem to indicate an absence of intercourse with the ancient Egyptians, whose architecture was of an entirely different nature, cement being used between the courses, and the houses being built square. Trees, centuries old, have grown in such profusion as to seriously impede systematic investigation of the inscriptions with a view to determining the race to which the inhabitants of the city belonged. One thing is certain, that a large and semi-civilized population must once have dwelled in these lands, and under conditions which made slave labor procurable to an unlimited extent. The natives are densely ignorant and hold no traditions as to the origin or purpose of these strange ruins, but there is a tradition among the Portuguese which represents the ruins to have been the capital city of the land ruled by the Queen of Sheba, and their ancient records are said to make frequent mention of a people living in that part of Southeast Africa and established there long before their own arrival, and whom they represent as working for gold in the far interior. But whatever the origin of the ruins, the bare possibility that the conical tower may prove to be the tumulus of the queen whom King Solomon honored, is enough to fire the imagination of all the antiquaries of the earth. Unlimited speculation may be indulged in as to the nation which built the forts. The Hindoos who conquered Java could readily have ascended the Zambesi, so might the Malays who conquered Madagascar, and who remain to this day among the boldest and most adventurous of all maritime peoples. So might, and much more probably, the Arabs who founded the Sabaean kingdom, who would naturally be drawn, as their descendants still are, by an irresistible attraction to the great and immensely wealthy continent just opposite their doors. And so, above all, might the Phoenicians. It is known that the agents of King Solomon belonged to that race, and the gold and ivory which they brought to Jerusalem must

have come from Africa or India. Then, in opposition to this theory, it would not have been likely that any foreign nation erecting these structures would have changed in every detail its traditional mode of architecture. There are no Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman or Moorish ruins of buildings in which the use of mortar is absent, nor is there any similarity in the general form of the houses and walls of Zinbabwe with that of any of the ancient ruins elsewhere on the continent of Africa. Besides, the Egyptians never were known to use granite blocks entirely of small size, their walls being built of huge blocks. The historian Josephus in his work says that the queen who was attracted to Jerusalem by the magnificence of King Solomon's court was a queen of Ethiopia, named Nicaule or Nicaulis. This statement is strengthened by an Ethiopian legend, which says that a queen of that country named Mokeda went to Jerusalem, where she became a worshipper of the true God, and that King Solomon was the father of her son, named Memlek, whose surname was Ebn-Hakim, which signifies "Son of the Wise." Later on, history tells us, the queen entered Jerusalem, followed by a gorgeous suite of retainers and of camels loaded with perfumes, nuggets of gold and precious stones and rich ivory. Now Africa produced all these treasures in great profusion, and when, after King Solomon departed from the religious ways of his forefathers and followed the worship of idols, he became so reduced in circumstances by his reckless extravagance that he had to borrow money, it was from Africa that his revenues came. Driven to desperation, the Jewish king had recourse to the means which is taken by sovereigns at the present time to raise money—he borrowed and failed to pay his creditors. The mines operated by the people of the Queen of Sheba were taxed to their utmost to supply her lover king with money, and she corresponded with him through the means of a bird named "Hudhud." Its scientific name has never been known, but it might have been a carrier pigeon.

In the Land of the Midnight Sun....The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

At Drontheim most of the travelers begin their trip "to the sun," for to see the midnight sun of the North is the all absorbing theme of interest—that wonderful phenomenon of which Tacitus says in his *Germania* "that the last rays of the dying sun remain clear and bright until he rises anew,

out-shining even the stars." Indeed the stars have vanished long ago, and at midnight our eyes are turned fixedly toward the North. We are impatient to see the sun itself, although we are told that this is only possible at the polar circle and then only about the 21st of June. As we journey along, day and night seem to have exchanged places with each other; we sleep during the day time and keep watch at night. We stop at the various little harbors of the fiords as we proceed, where the yachts of the tradesmen and fishermen lie at anchor and the children of the Norwegian households play about in the gently rocking boats. No pen can describe the beauties of a ride through this realm of cliffs, with a frequent outlook upon the open sea to the left, and the sublime mountain scenery of the continent to the right. Like phantoms of imagination, in the far distance, appear the islands of the Lovunnen and the Transtavne, which nature has pushed far out into the ocean. Over the broad ridge of the mountains of the continent is spread, for miles, the giant sheet of the Svartisen. The blue glaciers hang way down upon the surface of the water, like icicles from a snow-covered gable. But all this pales before the supreme spectacle of the "Hestmand," an island situated directly on the polar circle, which rises before us in striking resemblance to a horseman. The face looks sullen and angry, the flowing mantle drags far behind in the sea—a giant form 1,200 feet in length, there is probably no other like it in the world. According to the old saga, the rider pursues the maiden of his love, and the arrow, which he has sent after her, has pierced her brother's hat. The traveler must know this legend, when at Torg-haetten he descends to the ravine, which winds tunnel-like through the entire mountain top. We hasten onward. At midnight we observe in the distance the mysterious island group of the Loffoden—where during the winter months many thousand fishermen are busy catching the torsk, which, shipped in securely tied packages, finds its way to the banks of the Mediterranean, to China and Brazil as a welcome lenten dish, and this fish was known, perhaps to the Phœnicians, for from whom else could Pytheas have received intelligence that way up in the North there was an ocean, as refractory as a sea filled with jelly-fish? The ocean never freezes here, but in the fiords small flakes of ice form during the period of severe cold and they crowd and jostle against each other,

until they resemble little sea bubbles, forming a sort of ice-pap, through which a boat can only plow with difficulty. School upon school of torsks and herrings appear, which, pursued by whales, form great hillocks, through which even a large steamship can only navigate with its engines at work in full force. Innumerable birds of prey swarm around a throng of this kind, "grazing after fish," as the "Edda" (a collection of poems exhibiting the Runic or Scandinavian mythology) calls it, while the whales which hem it in, spurt their fountains high up into the air. This is the kind of life which fills the water and the air by day and night. At last we reach a point from where the midnight sun can be seen, but the horizon is very often veiled. Those who prolong their trip to the North Cape or to Vadsoe, which lies even higher up, will find their perseverance well rewarded. I shall never forget the magnificent sight which greeted my eye as we returned from a nightly visit to a Lapland camp near Tromsøe. It was soon after midnight when our boat entered the Tromsøe Sound; suddenly the bright rays of the sun struck our vision. In the valley near the glacier brook it had been bitter cold; from the morasses of the low topped birch forests the fog arose; way above glistened the snowfields of the "Istinden"—suddenly there is that animating warmth, which emanates only from the sun, an immense flood of light develops everything, a supernatural splendor of color-life abounds. But in the winter there is a continuous night of three months. Nature takes back as much as she gives, and therefore nobody sleeps here during the summer season—people slumber only. "We've time enough to sleep in the winter," they say, and during half the sunlit nights the forests and mountains ring with their merry songs. When one has learned to know this nature one understands also the character of the Norwegian, his strongly developed fanciful imagination, his energy mingled with obstinacy, his child-like sensitiveness, his bold daring. Jonas Lie has described this land and its people with inimitable accuracy in his *Nordland Stories*, Björnson in his *Peasant Novels*, and Ibsen in his *Peer Gynt*. Hammerfest, the most northerly town, with the most northerly forest of the whole world, is the pleasure resort, par excellence, for the Laplanders, and we can see them by the hundreds, as, intoxicated with brandy, they reel through the streets, tainted with pungent fish-odor. Not far from here is the little island

of Kagoe, from whose elevation a glacier hangs in the form of a tear-drop down into the "Lyngen-fiord," with its alps of 6,000 feet height and its glacier-fields. Further northward, in a perfect sea of ice, lies the "Bird Island," like a northern Capri, inhabited by swarms of birds and covered with ice.

A City in the Air....The Pueblo of Acoma....Pearson's Weekly

The pueblo of Acoma, situated ninety miles west of Albuquerque is one of the most remarkable communities in the world. To reach it you take the Atlantic and Pacific Railway to McCarthy's Station, and then transfer to a pony and ride eighteen miles, south by east. When near your journey's end, you descend almost imperceptibly into a valley six miles in width, in the middle of which stands a huge mound, and on the top of this is Acoma. Eight hundred people are living in this place, and they and their ancestors have gathered there the sum of their possessions for nearly three centuries. This mound is one of many that are the remains of a range of hills which has been worn away by the erosion of the ages and survives only in flat-topped elevations here and there. The valleys between are fertile and untold generations of men have seen them covered with grain and flocks of sheep. Some time in the seventeenth century the Laguno or Valley Indians made war upon the Acomas for the possession of the country, and the latter, being the weaker, occupied this mountain as a position believed to be impregnable. The height above the valleys is nearly four hundred feet, and the walls in several places nearly perpendicular. There are two means of ascent, one by a flight of steps cut into the face of the wall and rising at an angle of forty-two degrees, and the other by a fissure in the rocks leading up into the heart of the mountain. Both ways have been trodden by human feet until the steps are hollowed out like shallow troughs. Either one is exceedingly difficult; neither is tolerably safe. We choose the one along the fissure. With all the danger and fatigue, it is a laughable sight to see a person—some other—make the ascent. One has to stride over the fissure, one foot on the right hand side and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hands alternately against the rocks for support. An Indian will throw a live sheep round his neck and go up quite rapidly without touching the rocks with either hand, but I am satisfied

I could never do it. They told us of a pathetic incident that occurred on the outer stairway some generations ago. Several men started up, each with a sheep on his back. When nearly to the top, the sheep carried by the foremost man became restless, and the shepherd, in trying to hold it fast, lost his footing, and, in falling, swept his companions over the precipice, and they all fell on the rocks in a lifeless heap. The Indians have carved a representation of the incident on a rock near where it occurred, which scarcely serves to steady the nerves of those who go by that route. The top of the elevation is level and contains an area of sixty or seventy acres. At one side stands the pueblo, a blunt pyramid of adobe and stone honey-combed with rooms, at the other the church and graveyard, and near the center a pond of pure water thirty feet in depth and several rods in extent. The priest was made acquainted with the object of our visit, and the ringing of the church bell brought the inhabitants of the village round us. As night approached, a number of the men who had been at work in the valley came up, bringing delicious peaches and grapes, which we were glad to accept. We slept in the church, wrapped up in our Navajo blankets, and never felt more secure, or happier, in our lives. When the dawn appeared through the little mica window panes it revealed great roof beams more than a foot in diameter and thirty or forty feet long, and a bell that was cast in 1710. How these immense timbers and this bell were got up to the top of this cliff no one living knows. The Indians shake their heads and the priest shakes his, but no one ventures an opinion. The timbers are there, however, as witnessed, and morning and night, as the seasons come and go and generations pass away, the bell speaks for itself in the silvery tones that pleased its founder in far-off Spain, when King George was on the throne. The adobes—or the earth of which they were made—were brought up from the valley also, for the top of the butte was a bald rock in the beginning. And the earth for the graves came the same way, requiring forty years, the priest said, to complete the graveyard.

IN DIALECT: CHARACTER VERSE

When Sam'wel Led the Singin'....M. N. B....Boston Globe

Of course I love the house o' God,
But I don't feel to hum there
The way I useter do, afore
New-fangled ways had come there.
Though things are finer now a heap,
My heart it keeps a-clingin'
To our big, bare old meetin'-house,
Where Sam'wel led the singin'.

I 'low it's sorter solemn-like
To hear the organ pealin';
It kinder makes yer blood run cold,
An' fills ye full o' feelin'.
But, somehow, it don' tech the spot—
Now, mind ye, I ain't slingin'
No slurs—ez that bass viol did
When Sam'wel led the singin'.

I tell ye what, when he struck up
The tune, an' sister Hanner
Put in her purty treble—eh?
That's what you'd call sopranner—
Why, all the choir, with might an' main.
Set to, an' seemed a-flingin'
Their hull souls out with ev'ry note,
When Sam'wel led the singin'.

An', land alive, the way they'd race
Thro' grand old "Coronation!"
Each voice a-chasin' t'other round,
It jes' beat all creation!
I allus thought it must 'a' set
The bells o' heaven a-ringin'
To hear us "Crown Him Lord of All,"
When Sam'wel led the singin'.

Folks didn't sing for money then;
They sung because 'twas in 'em
An' must come out. I useter feel—
If Parson couldn't win 'em

With preachin' an' with prayin' an'
 His everlastin' dingin'—
 That choir'd fetch sinners to the fold,
 When Sam'wel led the singin'.

Iry an' Billy an' Jo....James Whitcomb Riley....Poems

Iry an' Billy an' Jo!—

Iry an' Billy's the boys,
 An' Jo's their dog, you know,—
 Their picture's took all in a row.
 Bet they kin kick up a noise—
 Iry an' Billy, the boys,
 An' that-air little dog Jo!

Iry's the one 'at stands
 Up there a-lookin' so mild
 An' meek, with his hat in his hands
 Like such a '*bediant* child—
 (*Sakes alive!*) An' Billy he sets
 In the cheer an' holds onto Jo, an' *sweats*
 Hisse'f a-lookin' so good! *Ho! ho!*
 Iry an' Billy an' Jo!

Yit the way them boys, you know,
 They usen to jes turn in
 An' fight over that dog Jo
 Was a burnin'-shame-an'-a-sin!—
 Iry he'd argy 'at, by gee-whizz!
 That-air little Jo-dog was his—
 An' Billy he'd claim it wasn't so—
 'Cause the dog was *his'n*!—An' at it they'd go,
 Nip-an'-tug, tooth-an'-toenail, you know—
 Iry an' Billy an' Jo!

But their Pa—(he was the Marshal then)—
 He 'tended like 'at he jerked 'em up,
 An' he got a jury o' brickyard men,
 An' held a *trial* about the pup;
 An' he says he jes like to a-died
 When the rest o' us town-boys testified—
 Regardin', you know,
 Iry an' Billy an' Jo!

'Cause we all knowed, when the *gyptsies* they
 Camped down here by the crick last Fall,

They brung Jo with 'em, an' give him away
 To Iry an' Billy for nothin' at all !
 So the jury made the verdick so
 Jo hain't *neither* o' theirn for shore—
 He's *both* their dog, an' jes no more !
 An' so
 They've quit quarrelin' long ago,
 Iry an' Billy an' Jo !

Geder in de Chillun....A Revival Song....Arkansaw Traveler

Er mighty heep o' 'vivals is er spreadin' o'er de lan'.
 Geder in de chillun, good Lawd ;
 An' de ole sinner's anxious fur ter git right in de ban',
 Geder in de chillun, good Lawd.
 De white man's prayin' an' de nigger's 'bout ter shout,
 Geder in de chillun, good Lawd ;
 Oh, de honey words er flowin' jes like er gutter spout,
 Geder in de chillun, good Lawd.

 Oh, come to de grace
 At er mighty quick pace
 An' put yesse'f down on de gospul seat ;
 Oh, lif' up yer voice,
 An' let us heah yer 'joice
 When you puts dem gospul shoes on yer feet.

 Ole Satan is er shakin' an' de Christian's mighty glad,
 Geder in de chillun, good Lawd ;
 Oh, he hates to see us good, wants us all to ack de bad,
 Geder in de chillun, good Lawd.
 Oh, git up, Mr. Satan, an' cut er mighty jig,
 Geder in de chillun, good Lawd ;
 Fur we'se gwine to eat de spare-ribs o' de halleluyah pig,
 Geder in de chillun, good Lawd.

Oh, come to de grace
 At er mighty quick pace
 An' put yesse'f down on de gospul seat ;
 Oh, lif' up yer voice,
 An' let us heah yer 'joice
 When you puts dem gospul shoes on yer feet.

SCIENCE : INVENTION : INDUSTRY

The Battle of the Microbes....From the Boston Transcript

When science becomes better acquainted with the character and habits of the different kinds of microbes, their action on the human body and their antagonisms one to another, then, perhaps, may be witnessed—of all warfares the most remarkable—the deadly struggle of microscopic germs for mastery in the system of a living creature. This internecine warfare of germs is a comparatively new notion and differs entirely from the plan of inoculation for the prevention or cure of disease. The theory of vaccination to prevent smallpox and of inoculation to cure hydrophobia is that the introduction of a disease germ into the body of the patient gives the patient that disease in a modified form, and that the material in the body fitted to develop such a disease is that used up, so that when the more violent form of the disease appears it has nothing upon which to feed and is harmless. The new theory is based upon newly discovered evidence of real antagonism between disease germs that results, when they are brought into contact, in the mutual destruction of each. The son of a Russian doctor was attacked by diphtheria, and finally his case was pronounced hopeless. When death seemed imminent, however, the patient was attacked with erysipelas. For a time he was worse, then recovered completely. His father, the doctor, was somewhat puzzled by the turn of affairs but suddenly the facts of the case struck him and he began the cultivation of erysipelas germs, with which he inoculated diphtheria patients with startling success. The doctor claims that the erysipelas germ attacks the diphtheria germ, and that the result is their mutual destruction. If the germs of erysipelas and diphtheria are antagonistic and mutually fatal, it is but reasonable to expect that further investigation will show that there are other germs similarly antagonistic to each other, and that from these researches a system of inoculation may be evolved that may be of great benefit to humanity. It has further been established that there are contained in the blood of all higher animals certain cells, called termed "phagocytes," identical with white blood corpuscles, which are endowed with the power of independent motion, which move about in the blood and even outside the

tissues, and devour and digest any bacilli, whether poisonous or not, with which they come in contact. This then is the secret of a body being healthy even in the midst of disease-laden air. So long as these phagocytes hold their own against foreign bacilli, just so long will it remain healthy; but when for some cause these guardians of the system become inoperative from decay or overwork, then the poisonous hordes of parasites pass into the system, if not fought with other germs, as mentioned above, and destroy it. In the phagocytes may be seen one of the most remarkable examples of the completeness of Nature's handiwork.

How Time-Tables are Made....From the Chicago Gazette

A railroad time-table, governing the running of trains on any road of considerable length, is one of the most important things in the management. The preparation of such a table is a very ingenious bit of work. The means employed are of the simplest sort—common pins and spools of colored threads, in connection with a large sheet of drawing-paper mounted on an easel. This paper is called a time chart. The chart is ruled either for two, five or ten minutes' time by horizontal lines and perpendicular cross lines. The "time" is marked above the horizontal lines and the distances or stations and terminals down the first perpendicular line. For illustration, 12 midnight is the mark on the first horizontal line and each hour is marked until the twenty-fourth of the following midnight hour is reached on the last horizontal line. Between the hour lines the space is divided into minutes and graduated as fine as desired. On a two-minute chart the space between the hours is divided into ten minutes' time, and the ten minutes' time into two minutes' time. The hour lines are made heavy and the lesser lines are of a lighter shade to distinguish them. One terminus of the road is marked on the first line beside the first time mark, 12 midnight. The other stations follow down the perpendicular line until the other terminal is reached. Then all is ready to prepare for the running arrangements, provided the pins and threads are ready. A blue thread means a passenger train, a red thread a freight train, and if the trains of other roads use part of the track they are designated by a different colored thread. It is calculated that the running shall be, say twenty-five miles an hour, and, for the purpose of illustration, the tracing of one

passenger train will answer the purpose of explaining them all. A passenger train leaves the first station say at 8 A. M. A pin is placed on the horizontal line at the 8 A. M. time mark and the end of the blue thread fastened thereto. If the train runs without stopping for fifty miles the blue thread is stretched over opposite the station at which the stop is made, and directly under the 10 A. M. time mark another pin is stuck and the blue thread wrapped around it to keep it taut. If this is a stop say of forty minutes the blue thread is stretched to the 10.40 A. M. mark on a direct line with the same station and another pin stuck and blue thread wrapped. The train starts and its entire course is thus timed and distributed along the road. If the railroad has many passenger and freight trains running daily, the time chart, when completed, looks like a great spider's web stretched with pins. But little work then remains to transfer the time and stations to the time-table and the schedule is ready for the printer.

Maps for the Blind....Their Construction and Use....Globe-Democrat

A map for the blind is a curiosity. Blind people are fond of history, and as history cannot be properly learned, or, indeed learned at all without some knowledge of geography, and to learn the latter without a map is impossible, something of the kind was necessary, and so special maps were invented and manufactured for the use of the eyeless. They are all of the kind known as the "dissected maps," and are of wood—are really carved blocks. All land stands in relief, the mountains are in ridges, the rivers are long depressions, the State lines are elevated. Each State is a separate block, and the pupil is taught to fit the blocks together and thus prepare for himself a map of the whole country. The name of each State is marked, sometimes on the back, sometimes on the front of the block, and the observer will notice, all over the surface of the blocks, small aggregations of what to him are meaningless dots. These are the names of rivers, towns, and cities. Cities are designated by pin or tack heads, and the size and shape of these show the approximate number of population. In one map, cities of less than 10,000 inhabitants were indicated by pin heads flat on top, and those of 10,000 to 20,000 by hemispherical. Flat tack heads showed the localities of cities having 20,000 to 50,000, rounded tack heads from 50,000 to 100,000. Tack heads flat and

square indicate cities between 100,000 and 200,000, tack heads round, but with a depression on the top, showed cities of greater size. "Bounding" the States is an easy matter to the pupil. Taking Missouri, for example, the child requested to do the work began by placing the hand flat on the block, to get a general idea of its position; then the forefinger of the right hand found the northwest corner, ran rapidly along the elevated Iowa line, followed the Mississippi down to Kansas, went too far and passed to Helena, where a pause was made, the name read, and the mistake discovered, returned, found the line, traced it to the west, along the southern limits of Pemiscot and Dunklin counties, missed it again at the St. Francis River, recovered it, went north, found the line at Butler county, ran it to the corner of McDonald county, thence along the western boundary to the starting point, and then gave the whole result orally without a moment's hesitation. By means of these dissected maps a fair idea is also gained by the pupils, of the respective size of various countries and States. When asked to compare Ohio with Texas, the boy laid the Ohio block on the Texas map, measured it off, turned it this way, that way, carefully keeping the count with his fingers on the space already covered, and finally announced that Texas, according to his idea, was about five times as large as Ohio, a calculation close enough to the truth to excite wonder at the accuracy rather than criticism of its lack of exactness. Dissected maps of every continent are provided, and a large globe, made on the principles which underlie the construction of the maps, enables pupils to gain a fair idea of the geographical features of our planet.

A Precious Disk of Glass....Alvan Clark's Latest Work....Boston Herald

To a chosen few, in a quiet little room at Cambridgeport, was shown for the first time the precious glass which is to be used in making a telescope that shall eclipse even the most famous one at the Lick Observatory. The gathering took place in the cellar of the residence of Alvan G. Clark, the famous telescope maker. When the lid of the big box was removed Mr. Clark tenderly lifted away the excelsior fibre which covered the precious lens. There it lay cushioned on its soft bed, and reflected back the light from the little oil lamp held at a respectful distance by a careful assistant. It was a sight for astronomical eyes to behold. The glass

measures about 10 feet in circumference or 3 feet 4 inches in diameter. Although it is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick at the center and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the edge, it was as transparent as a bit of thin plate glass when, carefully, it was raised on its edge in the box. Mr. Clark's hands fondled it as he would a baby raised out of its cradle, while he murmured: "What a beauty it is! No one ever saw its like." George Clark flecked off the particles of dust that clung to it, with a soft silk handkerchief, and touched it as lightly as a lady might her powdered cheek. Mr. Widney's eyes danced with pleasure as he glanced through its transparent thickness. The writer touched it reverently before it was laid carefully back in its case to await its finishing process. A sigh of relief escaped the veteran lens maker when he saw it safely reposing once more on its soft cushion and the fibre replaced. He was in a state of more or less anxiety till this was done, for the lens represented about twelve months' work already, though two or three years will be required to finish it. When it is ready for its position in the big telescope it will represent a value of from \$60,000 to \$70,000. It is now insured for large sums in two of the biggest insurance companies in Boston. It is nearly five inches wider in diameter than the Lick telescope glass. Before its Parisian manufacturers succeeded in turning out this perfect specimen they had melted out dozens and dozens like it in size, but possessing no claims of rivalry as regarded perfection. Even this one had to be cut and re-cut before all the air bubbles and inequalities were carved out of it. This reduced its thickness by a couple of inches, and the further processes it will have to undergo before it is fit for its cell may reduce its present thickness very materially. Mr. Clark says that its curve on one side is almost perfect, as he ascertained by the aid of the spheroid, but that the other will stand a great deal of cutting down. When the Lick glass was ready, it was sent away in a special parlor car, and the cost of transportation alone amounted to \$3,000. The first process that this new, and so far greatest lens ever attempted, will have to undergo will be that of grinding to the proper curve. It will be placed on a mill, and made to revolve at a slow and uniform rate of speed. The finest of sharp steel instruments will cut out the surplus glass, and a smoothing machine, moving in a constantly changing curve, will be for months and months passing over its surface before the lens can be

utilized. During this time it will be tested, perhaps hundreds of times, by the aid of a silver mirror till its proper focal power shall have been established. Each of the processes employed in its operation is intricate and delicate. That of getting the correct focal power may, however, be considered the most interesting. On being set before the mirror a little star-like ray of light will be made to pass through the lens, and reflected back through it again from the mirror. Until all the inequalities of density in the glass are removed, the ray of light transmitted will not be perfect in shape. Back and forth the lens will have to go from the grinding and smoothing machine to the testing apparatus, until the tiny ray of light is as perfect as when it first leaves the little lamp that sends it forth. The grinding machine is a most ingenious affair. It is worked by two cranks, one of which revolves seventeen times to the one time that its fellow moves around. This makes the lens present a constantly changing surface to that which is polishing it. Red oxide of iron is used for the grinding, and beeswax brings out the perfect polish. Even after the machines have done all their fine work it will remain for human fingers to complete the polishing process. The focal length of the telescope cannot be decided upon until the focal power of the lens has been established, but it is estimated that it will be between fifty-six and sixty feet. Beside being an object glass, it is also a photograph glass. The largest astronomical photograph lens previously made has been but twenty-four inches in diameter, and it is expected that the present one will accomplish unheard-of triumphs in revealing wonders of the starry firmament. The glass, it is thought, will also settle the question as to the supposed signals of light which the inhabitants of Mars are understood to be making to the people of the earth. The observatory for which this new telescope is intended is to be about twelve or fifteen miles from Los Angeles, on a part of the Sierra Madre Mountains (Wilson Peak), about 6,000 feet above sea level.

The Largest Locomotive....New Compound Engine....S. F. Examiner

The largest, most powerful, and probably the fastest railroad locomotive ever manufactured in this or any other country has been completed at the Schenectady Locomotive Works for the Michigan Central Railroad. The locomotive is what is known as a "compound," and some idea of its

immensity can be obtained from these figures: It is a ten-wheeler, and the drivers (six in number) are 6 feet and 2 inches in diameter. The shell of the boiler is 68 inches in diameter above the firebox, while the average diameter in large engines is between 56 and 58 inches. It weighs about sixty-four tons, and with tender, loaded for service, will weigh about 102 tons. It is expected to attain a speed of over sixty miles an hour. The name "compound" is derived from an invention patented by A. J. Pitkin, Superintendent of the Schenectady works. It is an intercepting valve operating on the cylinders. The left or live-steam cylinder is twenty inches in diameter and has a twenty-four inch stroke, while the right or compound cylinder is twenty-nine inches in diameter, and has, of course, the same stroke, thus making double the area of the live-steam cylinder. The live steam is worked into the smaller cylinder and is exhausted into the compound cylinder, and thence goes out into the atmosphere. Thus there are only two exhausts to a revolution, whereas in ordinary engines there are four. When the steam is shut off the valve opens, and when steam is on it closes, the valve operating automatically. As a result, there is a wonderful saving of fuel, and it is more economical than high-pressure engines. The Schenectady Locomotive Works are to-day second only to the Baldwin works of Philadelphia. The latter have a capacity of two engines per day, while the Schenectady works are turning out nine engines per week at present, and expect to soon reach twelve per week. They are running night and day with a force of nearly 2,000 men. Less than twenty years ago it took a "gang" from twenty-eight to thirty days to turn out an engine in the Schenectady works, where to-day thirty-eight are turned out in one month.

The Chant of the Loom....Conde Hamlin....St. Paul Pioneer Press

"Clash, clash," the large steel shuttles dart from side to side, the sunshine flashing from the polished surface being all that the eye sees of its course between the myriad thread. On the other side of the loom slowly grows the cloth which will robe the form of fop or business man ere many months pass. A dozen looms are on the floor, and the combined clatter makes it almost impossible to hear anything else. Suddenly one stops. The weaver quickly glances over the threads, notices a break, ties it up, touches the machinery,

and again it begins its monotonous "clash, clash." The breaking of a tiny thread has brought to a stop a machine weighing tons. Somewhat different is this from the old hand loom with which our grandmothers wove the homespun which was rich enough raiment for our hardworking and frugal grandfathers. It is worthy of reflection, too, that the many changes which span the gulf of inutility between the old wooden loom and the almost thinking combination of steel and iron were made by what is narrowly termed uneducated brains. One cannot but acknowledge with awe the wonderful capabilities of human hand and head combined, as he sees the wonderful regularity and certainty in the work of complicated machines. The raw wool from the back of the sheep comes to the mill doors and leaves it in bolts of cassimeres and worsteds that find their way to the shops of tailors and drapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The wool as it comes to the mill is carefully weighed and sorted, and then, no matter whether previously cleansed or not, is most thoroughly washed in great tanks built for that purpose and supplied with clean running water from a neighboring stream. Then, thoroughly washed, it goes to the carding room and is carded or combed on the great cylinders that, studded with tiny steel hooks, revolve steadily, while the wool is automatically weighed out at the right intervals. From the huge cylinders it is gathered in a coarse, flimsy-looking yarn almost as large as one's wrist, and wound on a spool at the side. These coarse strings are wound together by a second machine, forty-eight threads being drawn into one smaller than any one of its components. Forty of these are again by mechanical process united, and so the work goes on. Then comes the combing machine, an intricate affair, which with a "champ, champ," seizes the thread or yarn and takes out all the short wool, the long, straight fibre alone being allowed to remain, and coils it into large cans which prevent the adhesive fleece from gathering stray particles of dirt and dust. These great cans, which look like a milkman's outfit, are gathered, when filled, about another machine which draws out the coils and works them together. Through machine after machine goes the yarn, becoming with each operation finer and finer, until at last it is ready for the spinning frames. The whirl of spindles begins as they revolve, rises almost to a whistle, and dies away as the roll of the "mules" indicates

that another section of the threads is being drawn out. Perchance a thread in the many lines of rapidly twisting yarn breaks ; quickly as thought the girl who follows the machine, as it rolls forward, or backward, with a deft twirl of fingers has fastened the ends, and it is whirring along with its fellows. Finally the thread is reeled off in skeins and carried to the dye house, where pigments of various kinds impart to it the desired colors or tints. First they are given a bath in some mordant to prepare them for the dyes, and then they are dipped or steeped in the colored liquid and carefully dried. Once more the thread is wound upon spools in preparation for the looms. If the cloth is to be what is known as "silk mixed," it is, after dyeing, twisted with bright-colored strands of silk. Once more we are back listening to the "clash, clash" of the looms. The threads run through frames that are technically known as "harnesses." These are crossed by wires known as "heddles," in the center of each being an eye. The operation of drawing the numberless threads through them is performed by children, who by practice accomplish the work with astonishing rapidity. It is the change of position of these harnesses which thus elevate or depress a certain set of threads which makes the varying patterns, and this change is worked out on broad chains of peculiarly formed links, which bring about the movements as it changes its position. Every pattern is designed carefully thread by thread, and then this combination chain is taken to pieces and rejoined so as to bring corresponding action in the machine as the various links come into play. From the looms the cloth goes to the gigging machines, which raise a soft nap on its surface, which is then sheared off. It is a peculiar fact that teasles are used for this purpose, and the ingenuity of man has as yet failed to provide a suitable substitute for this product of a roadside weed. Steel and rubber have been tried in vain, and the teasle consequently still has a market value on account of this use. Next the cloth is inspected, then pressed, an operation which leaves it too hard and rough, and to remove which disagreeable qualities it is brushed with a steam brush. The inspectors carefully look for breaks or misplaced stitches, and with a needle deftly mend the place from beneath. If this is not feasible, a half yard is cut from the piece. After its brushing, it is measured and folded and finds its way to the storeroom. The styles

are carefully studied and the tendency of taste closely watched. The patterns that are to please the eye next spring are on the loom many months in advance, for time must be allowed to get out samples, to place orders and to fill them.

Making Postage Stamps....The American Method....St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Scarcely any manufactured article is more universally used than the postage stamp. Some of the longest and most bitterly contested lawsuits have arisen in relation to patents employed in the manufacture of stamps, and an immense amount of ingenuity has been expended in bringing the art of printing them rapidly and cheaply to its present perfection. Postage stamps are used in nearly all civilized countries, but almost all are manufactured either in London, Paris or New York. The entire American Continent, some European States and many of the South Sea islands are supplied with stamps from New York, and the whole supply of the United States Government is manufactured by the American Bank Note Co., of that place. The Government itself on more than one occasion made estimates of the cost of manufacturing its own stamps, but when compared with the bids made by the bank note company the cost was found to be excessive, and the contract has been retained by the bank note company. The first step in the manufacture of stamps is to make the die. The device, which has generally been the head of some distinguished public man, is settled upon by the Government, and the drawings made. The service of the engraver is next required. An engraving in deep intaglio is made upon steel, which has been softened by a peculiar process of decarbonization. The device is cut, and afterward the border, which is a more or less complicated scroll. The steel is then hardened by recarbonization, and the intaglio, technically known as the female die, is ready for use. The next step is to make the upper die, known as the male die or punch. A cube of soft steel is pressed by a hydraulic ram upon the intaglio engraving, and after it has been forced into all the depressions is slightly touched up with the graver. A cameo counterpart of the intaglio is thus formed, and from these the sheet is made up by pressing the hardened steel upon the softer metal. The discovery of the process of softening the steel for working and hardening it for use greatly simplified the task of printing stamps, as formerly but one pair of dies

were used, owing to the cost of engraving, and the practical impossibility of making by hand a number of exactly similar devices, and the process of printing stamps was therefore a very slow and expensive one. The dies are arranged in a press, each press producing a sheet of 200 stamps. When this sheet is ready for issue it is torn in two, the stamps furnished to postmasters coming in half sheets. The paper is supplied by the Government daily on requisition from the manufacturer, a careful record being kept of the amount of the issue, and the company must return the full number of stamped sheets that have been issued unstamped. The sheets are placed in the press and by an ingenious device are fed to the dies and counted. The paper rests upon the female die, which alone is inked, the punch coming down upon it, and pressing the paper upon the inked surface. The printing is true steel engraving, the process being exactly opposite from that employed in printing from type, the lower surfaces receiving the deep color and the upper one being light. All American stamps are printed in one color, but in the English stamps two are used. A peculiar invention, the patent right to which led to much litigation, is employed in giving the two colors. The next step is to gum the stamped sheets. This was formerly done by hand, large brushes being used, but a more effective method has been devised by which a roller is passed over the sheets by machinery, applying the gum evenly over the entire surface. Great care is taken in the preparation of this glue, as it is necessary to give the sheets a coating that will not become soft and sticky through exposure to a moist atmosphere, and which will still be sufficiently adhesive to prevent the possibility of the stamps becoming detached from the letters to which they are affixed. An entire issue of 3-cent stamps, those printed in blue, and bearing a figure of a locomotive, had to be retired because of the imperfection of the gummed surface. The cost to the Government amounted to tens of thousands of dollars, and the inconvenience to the public was extreme, as the stamps frequently failed to adhere, and the letters were not sent to their destination. After the process of gumming is completed the sheets are placed upon racks, and dried by being passed over a series of steam pipes. The last step in the manufacture is to punch the holes dividing one stamp from another. This seems simple enough, but as a matter of fact the invention

of a means by which single stamps could be separated from a sheet gave more trouble than any other process in their manufacture, and occasioned a lawsuit that lasted many years. Men scarcely beyond middle life can remember the trouble and annoyance occasioned by the old fashioned sheets, which were without perforation or division of any kind. A regular part of the equipment of every office and every house was a tin ruler and a pair of shears to cut stamps from the sheet. The inconvenience of such a process is evident. About 1845 the English government offered a reward for any device by which the stamps could be printed so as to be easily divided from the sheet. A series of knives or lances cutting through the space between the stamps was first tried, but proved highly unsatisfactory. The stamps were liable to tear, and the knives almost immediately became so blunted as to be practically useless. A mechanic named Archer then presented a device consisting of a number of hollow punches, with sharp edges, which would perforate the sheets at short intervals. This was tried and pronounced ineffective. The post office authorities declared that the paper soon clogged the machine and rendered it useless. It was neglected for a time, but finally one or two improvements were introduced, and a defect in the paper furnished, arising from its unequal thickness, was remedied. The perforating machine was then found to operate perfectly, and is now in use all over the world. Archer had a long lawsuit with the postal authorities, which after many years was decided in his favor, and he received a large sum as a compensation for the use of his apparatus. In perforating stamps for use in this country, the gummed and dried sheets are piled up fifty thick, and placed under a heavy piece of machinery provided with many hundred punches so arranged as to pierce the spaces between the stamps. The sheets are run through lengthwise, and afterward changed in position, and the cross perforations made. They are then ready for issue. Each sheet is divided into two equal parts, and the stamps are delivered to the Government. The Postmaster-General issues them on the requisition of the various postmasters.

CURIOSITIES IN PROSE AND VERSE

The Whango Tree....A Nonsense Song....New York Truth

The woggly bird sat on the whango tree,
 Nooping the rinkum corn,
 And graper and graper, alas ! grew he,
 And cursed the day he was born.
 His crute was clum and his voice was rum,
 As curiously thus sang he,
 "Oh, would I'd been rammed and eternally clammed
 E'er I perched on this whango tree."

Now the whango tree had a bubbly thorn,
 As sharp as a nootie's bill,
 And it stuck in the woggly bird's umptum, lorn
 And weepadge, the smart did thrill.
 He fumbled and cursed, but that wasn't the worst,
 For he couldn't at all get free,
 And he cried "I am gammed, and injustibly nammed
 On the luggardly whango tree."

And there he sits still, with no worm in his bill,
 Nor no guggledom in his nest ;
 He is hungry and bare, and gobliddered with care,
 And his grabbles give him no rest ;
 He is weary and sore and his tugmut is soar,
 And nothing to nob has he,
 As he chirps, "I am blammed and corrubtily jammed,
 In this-cuggerdom whango tree."

An Alphabet of Rivers....The Traveler....St. Nicholas

A stands for the AMAZON, mighty and grand,
 And the B's BERESINA, on Muscovy's strand,
 The placid CHARLES River will fit for the C,
 While the beautiful DANUBE is ready for D.
 The E is the ELBE in Deutschland far North,
 And the first F, I find, strange to say, is the FORTH.
 The great river GANGES can go for the G,
 And for H our blue HUDSON will certainly be ;
 The quaint IRRAWADDY for I has its claims,
 And the J is the limpid and beautiful JAMES.
 The K is for KAMA, I know in a jiffy,

And the L is the LOIRE and the prosperous LIFFEY.
 For M we have plenty to choose from, and well,
 There's the noble MISSOURI, the gentle MOSELLE.
 For N we have NILE, and the ONION is O,
 While for P you can choose the gray PRUTH or the Po.
 The Q is the QUINEBAUG, one of our own,
 But the R comes to front with the RHINE and the RHONE.
 For the S there's the SHANNON, a beautiful stream,
 And the T is the TIBER where Rome reigns supreme.
 The URAL, I think, will with U quite agree,
 And the turbulent VOLGA will fit for the V.
 The W's WESER, and XENIL is X
 (You may find it spelled with a J, to perplex).
 Then for Y, YANG-TSE-KIANG is simple and easy,
 And to end the long list with a Z, take ZAMBESI.

A Student's Nightmare....From London Punch

Menageries, where sleuthhounds caracole,
 Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnus
 Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl,
 With peewit and precocious cockatoos.

Gaunt seneschals, in crotchety cockades,
 With seine-nets trawl for porpoise in lagoons;
 While scullions gauge erratic escapades
 Of madrepores in water-logged galleons;

Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green,
 In reckless fracas with coquettish cream,
 Ecstatic gargoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
 Garnish the grewsome nightmare of my dream.

The Prevailing Mode....The New York Sun

If rhymes gym- reading this.	nastic hold their own, It up and down, To the rhymes like amiss, Instead of	will not be print
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LIFE : DEATH : IMMORTALITY

"These are the Eternal Questions"

Influence in Life : Horace Bushnell.

We naturally desire the approbation of others. How few persons have the nerve to resist a fashion! We have fashions in literature, and in worship, and in moral doctrine. How many will violate the best rules of society, because it is the practice of their circle! How many reject Christ, because of friends or acquaintances, who have no suspicion of the influence they exert, and will never have. Every good man has a power in his person more mighty than his words and arguments, and which others feel when he little suspects it. Every bad man, too, has a fund of poison in his character, tainting those around him. He is read and understood. His unbelieving spirit, his sensual tastes and habits, take hold of the hearts of others, whether he will have it so or not.

The Origin of Death : W. E. Lecky.

Geology has conclusively disproved what was once the universal belief concerning the origin of death. That this fearful calamity appeared in the universe on account of the transgression of man. That every pang that convulses the frame of any created being, every passion or instinct or necessity that contributes to the infliction of suffering, is but the fruit of disobedience in paradise, was long believed with unflinching assurance. And this proposition became a great archetype, a center around which countless beliefs formed. If all death and all pain resulted from the sin of Adam, it was natural to give every instance of death or pain a special signification. But geology proves that countless ages before man it so entered into the original constitution of things that the agony and infirmity it applies were known, as at present, when the mastodon and the dinotherium were the rulers of the world. To deny this is now impossible ; to admit it is to abandon one of the root doctrines of the past.

The Proof of Immortality : Frederick W. Robertson.

In this strange world of perpetual change, we are met by many resemblances to a resurrection. There is the resurrection of the moth from the grave of the chrysalis. Again, there is a resurrection when the spring brings vigor and

motion back to the frozen pulse of the winter world. There are no real resurrections, after all ; they only look like resurrections. The chrysalis only *seemed* dead ; the tree in winter only seemed to have lost its vitality. Show us a butterfly, which has been dried and crushed, fluttering its brilliant wings next year again. Show us a tree, plucked up by the roots and seasoned by exposure, the vital force really killed out, putting forth its leaves again—then we should have a real resurrection. But Nature does not show us that. Six thousand years of human existence have passed away—countless armies of the dead have set sail. Still there is not a whisper from the grave, to tell us whether, indeed, those myriads are in existence still. Man, this thing of yesterday, which sprung out of the eternal nothingness, why may he not sink, after his appointed part, into nothingness again ! Go and stand, some summer evening, by the river-side ; you will see the may-fly sporting out its little hour, in the dense masses of insect-life, darkening the air a few feet above the gentle swell of the water. The heat of that very afternoon brought them into existence. Every gauze wing is traversed by ten thousand fibres which defy the microscope to find a flaw in their perfection. The omniscience and the care bestowed upon that exquisite anatomy, one would think, cannot be destined to be wasted in a moment. Yet so it is ; when the sun has sunk its life is done. God has bidden it be happy for one evening. It has no right or a claim to a second ; and in the universe that marvelous life has appeared once, and will appear no more. May not the race of man sink like the generations of the may-fly ? Why cannot the Creator, so lavish in His resources, afford to annihilate souls as he annihilates insects ? Would it not almost enhance His glory to believe ? That is the question ; and Nature has no reply. The fearful secret of sixty centuries has not yet found a voice. The whole evidence lies before us. We know what the greatest and wisest have had to say in favor of an immortality ; and we know how, after eagerly devouring all their arguments, our hearts have sunk back ; and to every proof, our lips have replied, mournfully, "That will not stand." Search through tradition, history, the world within you and the world without—except in Christ there is not the shadow of a shade of proof that man survives the grave.

NEWSPAPER VERSE : GRAVE AND GAY

On the Fence....After Kingsley....Somerville Journal

Two women leaned over the backyard fence
 (The same old fence) as the sun went down,
 While each told the other, in confidence,
 The scandals she'd gathered around the town.
 For women must gossip, or they can't sleep;
 They think that secrets weren't made to keep;
 So they lean on the fence in the gloaming.

Two women sat out on the front-door stoop,
 In the evening glow, as the sun went down.
 They told how their children had skipped the croup,
 And they sneered at the minister's wife's new gown.
 For women delight in a friendly chat,
 Without it their lives would be stale and flat;
 So they sit on the stoop in the gloaming.

Two husbands came home from the base-ball game
 (From the office, they said), as the sun went down,
 Both ready and eager to hear the same
 Sweet scandals their wives had hunted down.
 For men, though they work, love gossip too—
 And that's why their wives seek something new
 As they meet and talk in the gloaming.

Maybe Land....Philander Johnson....Washington Post

Beyond where the marshes are dank and wide
 Is a ladder of red and gold,
 Where the sun has sunk in the shifting tide
 Of the clouds that the night elves mold.
 It leads to the portals of Maybe Land,
 Whose castles and groves we see,
 On a vapor bank e'er the mists expand,
 To darken the wind-swept sea.

'Tis there that our wishes are all made true,
 Where frowns may not mar the brow,
 Where storms never mutter the whole year through,
 Where Then is transformed to Now,

And only the dreamer who idly halts
With a pencil and brush in hand
Can travel the path to the mystic vaults,
And the treasures of Maybe Land.

A Recipe for a Day....Cincinnati Commercial Gazette

Take a little dash of water cold
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play,
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete the well made day.

The Chamber of Commerce....Dromio Doballs....Seattle Express

A chamber of commerce are we,
Devoted to Heidsick and glee,
We're jolly good fellows
Who blow on the bellows
A mercantile jamboree.

We've a gorgeously furnished room,
Dispelling all sadness and gloom,
And up in a corner,
Like Little Jack Horner,
We've put up a "business boom."

We gather and gabble and feed,
And talk of the town and its need;
And then we recline
On the divans divine
While commerce is running to seed.

We've a glittering salary list
And we dabble in Reinas and whist,
But when there is battle
For struggling Seattle—
Just then is the time we are missed

Whenever a stranger comes round
 Our restaurant glories abound ;
 We tickle his belly
 With venison and jelly
 And blow up the trade of the Sound.
 O, a "rustling" old crew are we!
 Light-hearted, big-waisted and free;
 We never go East
 For the financial yeast
 But sit on the sofas and spree.
 Our saint is the Goddess of Grub,
 And we laugh as our stomachs we rub ;
 Then here's to Lord Leary
 Who makes the town weary
 With his lazy old beef steak club.

A Diversified Family....From The Chicago Journal

When George went wooing Mary Ann
 He was a soulful optimist,
 But Mary feared the tough old man
 And was a doleful pessimist ;
 Her mother liked a little fun—
 She was a slothful Socialist,
 But the old gent razzled with his gun—
 He was a daisy Anarchist !

Her Horoscope....Elizabeth Beal Ginty....New York Truth

Her palms all lined, like maps of busy lands,
 And brown, too, as the russets on her stall,
 She gathers pennies in her shrivelled hands,
 For bread—perhaps a drop of gin, to call
 Old memories back, of days when love was life,
 Free, lawless days of gypsy wrangling strife,
 When hoops of gilt set off her face, and rings
 Of brass her dimpled wrists ; her merry feet
 Knew well the whirling of the Rommi flings
 And tricks in dance—and love was young and sweet.
 Because no law had sanctioned it ; *he* slept
 Under some hedge, and rose at dawn to steal
 (Her kiss yet thrilling on his lips), and crept
 An outcast, through the lane, with joy to feel
 Some sleeping bird was his—or mare, quick caught,

That she rides with him, bold, and fearing naught,
Hiding the vivid scarlet of her gown

Lest veering winds should wave the tell-tale sign
The Rom goes by some straggling little town
He scorns, for thickets deep of scented pine.

Now she is old, and he is gone, and God
Has judged him, nor she wants him back, nor cares ;
Meanwhile her apples shine on ways well trod,

And her's the loft, a sickly vendor shares ;
But when some lady questions, she sheds tears

That spring from mirth ; to think that age, that years
Can change her fate (by gypsy hag cute-cast) ;

"They pity ? Bah !" she thinks, with cunning leer,
"For all their wealth I would not give my past,"
And flings an apple to some *gamin* near.

The Large Cigar....London Punch

You lie on the oaken mantel shelf

A cigar of high degree,

An old cigar, a large cigar,

A cigar that was given to me.

The houseflies bite you day by day—

Bite you, and kick, and sigh—

And I do not know what the insects say,

But they creep away and die.

My friends they take you gently up,

And lay you gently down ;

They never saw a weed so big,

Or quite so deadly brown.

They, as a rule, smoke anything

They pick up free of charge ;

But they leave you to rest while the bulbuls sing

Through the night, my own, my large !

The dust lies thick on your bloated form,

And the year draws to its close,

And the baccy jar's been emptied—by

My laundress, I suppose.

Smokeless and hopeless, with reeling brain,

I turn to the oaken shelf,

And take you down, while my hot tears rain,

And smoke you, you brute, myself.

THE GUEST OF GENTLE TOBIAS*

I stepped out on the gallery, and was closing the door, when Luzelle bade me wait a moment. She followed me. One second the blaze of the lamp was yellow and dull in the lightning's vivid glare, and then all was dark, for the wind had blown the yellow blaze away.

"Mr. Burwood," she said, in a voice of uneven tones, you must leave here at once—you must not attempt to see anybody. The Savelys are straining every nerve to find you. Oh, what an awful night! But the consequence of your staying here," she quickly added, "would be more awful than facing a storm ten times worse than this. I"—she seemed to be struggling with herself—"I know that you are not a coward. I ought—but go now, please. Take Fred's horse and—please go, this minute, Mr. Burwood."

"I have no desire to meet Boyd Savely, even if I were armed, and surely I should be a fool to seek him in my present condition, unarmed and almost exhausted. I will go away. Will you please bring my valise?"

She hastened away and soon returned with the valise. I thought that I felt her hand upon my arm, but a flash of light showed me that she was gone.

Once more I was on the turnpike, flying with the swiftness of the wind. I turned toward the ridge and was soon bounding up the steep "dirt road." The storm had increased in violence, and, tearing along the rugged gorges, was deeper and angrier in its roar. A tree snapped, crashed, and fell across the road in front of me. The horse stopped, snorted, and stood still. I was at the Devil's Elbow, and when the vivid lightning came again I saw the spout spring pouring out a stream of fire. The horse picked his way through the waving "lap" of the tree, and then dashed onward.

The top of the ridge was soon gained, and now my progress was slower, for the road was heavy with mud. I had not

* From "A Kentucky Colonel" by Opie P. Read. Burwood, one of the survivors of a desperate feud fight of some forty men in the streets of Emeryville—into which he has been unavoidably drawn—and where a number of innocent citizens have been killed, is captured by the sheriff and lodged in jail. That night an attempt is made to lynch him but the jailer allows him to escape. Pursued by the vengeance of the survivors of the opposing faction Burwood is making his way out of the country when this adventure befalls him.

given my journey's end a moment's thought ; fancy's quick pencil had not even drawn a misty outline of the end of this wild ride, but now I began to awaken to the importance of making some sort of draft of my future intentions ; and I soon settled upon the advisability of avoiding thickly populated communities, for I was not only fleeing from the wrath of the Savelys, but was a fugitive from so-called justice, an escaped prisoner for whom a reward would be offered.

The storm began to abate, its full-grown fury seemed to have forced its dreadful company upon me no farther than the summit of the ridge. As it was not safe to follow the road, I turned aside into the woods and let the horse select his own way. Sometimes the hanging loop of a grape vine almost dragged me from my saddle, and sometimes a saw-briar gave me a merciless raking, but after a while the horse struck a path and slowly followed it.

I soon came to a small clearing, and, a little further on, the gleaming of a light revealed the whereabouts of a human habitation. A feeling of thankfulness arose within me when a trembling beam came out from that light and fell upon my loneliness ; but a shudder drove the thankfulness away, for I realized that I was an outcast, hunted by desperate men and by officers of the law. The horse showed a strong inclination to go to the house. My inclination was just as strong, for I was wet and cold, but my judgment held me back. The storm had subsided, having sunk, with a low growl, into a deep gorge just below the spout spring. Occasionally the moon showed her face through the flying fragments of clouds. A "rooster" crew, and an old hen made a peculiar noise—a noise which a chicken never makes during the day and which always proclaims some petty midnight annoyance. The horse jerked the bridle reins by impatiently thrusting his nose forward, and snorted, it appeared, to attract attention.

"Go on, then," I said, "but if it should prove to be a dangerous place, you will have to stretch your legs again."

I reined up to within a few feet of the door and hallooed. The door, grating loudly on the boards beneath, was jerked open far enough for a man to thrust his head out.

"Who's thar ?" a voice demanded.

"A wet, cold and worn-out man," I answered.

"It don't make no diffunce, then, who you air ; 'light an' come in," was the hearty response.

"May I ask who lives here?"

"Yes, jest as cheap as not to, but it must be savin' some little time for me to say that nobody don't live here."

"May I ask, then, who you are?"

"As I ain't got no cause to kiver up my name, it would be putty nearly right and proper to ask me that question. I am Major T. Patterson, known all over this and 'j'ining counties as Gentle Tobias."

Before he had ceased speaking I was on the ground.

"Why, set fire to my hide!" exclaimed the old fellow, when I made myself known. "If you haven't found a place where you can rest, holy Moses wasn't nothin' but a county surveyor. Hold on, let's put your nag in the stable right round thar. Come round this way. A tree blowed down thar to-night, an' hanged ef I didn't think I was goin' to be squashed right out on my own hearthstone. I won't ask you a word about that affair in town till we go in the house and set down. I come away early, for I saw thar was goin' to be trouble, and I was afeerd that if I stayed I couldn't keep out of it, so I straddled my old mar' and come on up here. I own a few acres of land here, and put this cabin of peace on it some time ago. I call it the cabin of peace, because I come here whenever I think there mout be danger of me gettin' into a scrimmage. And you was out in all that storm? Twinges of rheumatiz have kept me awake, or I mout not have been up to receive you."

During these remarks he had been putting feed into a trough.

"Yes, built this cabin 'way up here, but don't come to it as often as I used to, for old age, that years ago I could jest stand on tiptoe and see pokin' up his head over the hill, can reach out and tech me now. Let's go in."

The room contained but a few articles of rude furniture. A log fire, in an immense fire-place, had sunk into a comfort-giving smolder, and a lamp placed high upon a shelf had driven the shadows into a corner. I sat foolishly musing, wondering if the shadows had followed me from the jail.

"Come," said the Major, "tell me about the scrimmage, and then we'll eat a snack and go to bed. What time is it?"

It was only two o'clock. What an age I had passed through since noon! I gave the old man an extended account of the fight—drew out the thread of detail, for I saw his old eyes grow young with delight.

"Good!" he said, when I had finished; and then he sat in silence, gazing into the fire that seemed to have grown gray with him. His eyes were old again.

"My father and brothers were killed," he said. "One night, when I was a child, my father set rockin' me and tellin' me about his bear trap, 'way up the creek in the hills. Somebody hollered, 'Helloa!' My father put me down and opened the door. A gun fired out in the dark, and he fell back dead."

He aroused himself with a jerk, and his peculiar air of timidity came back to him.

"What you reckon I've got to eat?" he asked.

"I have no idea."

"A 'possum, or Aaron was a county jedge. Bought him from a nigger and brought him right on up here to nibble at when I felt lonesome. Kivered him with sweet potatoes and baked him. Had just tuck him off to cool when you hollered. Now, my son, we'll put him on the table. You may talk of stuff to eat, turkey and——"

Some one rapped at the door. "Who's thar?" the Major quickly demanded.

"Tag Moss and Hamp Savely," a voice replied.

"What do you want?"

"Want to come in."

"Sho nuff?"

"Yes."

"Wall, you better go on to the next house. It ain't as fur away as this one."

"Open this door!"

"Kain't. An old woman put a snake bone under the sill."

"Open this door, I tell you!"

"What for?"

"We want to come in. We want to see who's inside."

"Nobody in here but me, honey!"

"Who are you talkin' to, then?"

"A d——d fool on the outside."

"You know what I mean. Who were you talkin' to when we came up?"

"Talkin' to myself."

"Well, you open this door or we'll break it down."

"Look here, children, do you know whose door this is?"

"No, and we don't care."

"Well, you'd better care. This door is the property of Tobias Patterson."

"What! Is that you, Major?"

"Yes, this is the old man, a-sittin' under his own fig-tree."

"You say you are alone, Major?"

"No, not alone, boys. I was jest jokin' with you about that. My wife is here with me."

"We are sorry to have disturbed you."

"Not a-tall. Good-by—Turkey and patridges, but a 'possum lays over everything. Why, suh, 'possum-grease will cure all ailments of the stomach."

"Have they gone?" I asked.

"Who?"

"Those men."

"Oh," (with a chuckle), "they've been gone some time. Jest draw up your chair. Yes, been gone some time. They know that the Major wouldn't tell a lie. Eat, my son," he added, becoming serious. "They won't come back, for in the first place they believed what I said, and in the second place they don't want a row with me. Thar used to be fellers, my son, that thought they could run over Tobey, but Tobey's rule was always to make a feller take off his boots before runnin' over him. How does the 'possum hit you?"

"With a soothing paw," I answered.

"Look here, you air smart. When a man shakes off the vanity of this world and gets right down and acknowledges that 'possum is velvet, why, he's got the judgment that ought to carry him right up on the supreme bench. Now, here's a piece that would make a saint's jaws fly apart."

The old man kept up an almost continuous talk during the meal, stopping only to chuckle or to listen for the recurrence of some fancied noise outside.

"Now," said he, when the meal was finished, "you pile right on to that bed over there and go to sleep, and it don't make no difference how late you think it is, don't git up till I tell you. Go to sleep if you ever expect to do anything in this world. If I was goin' to be hung and had but two hours to live, I'd sleep one hour so I'd be in good shape to meet my engagement. Don't you be skittish a-tall now, but go right to sleep, for I'm goin' to set around here—and let me tell you, my son, it is said all over Shellcut that a man is never in any danger so long as he's Patterson's guest."

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY DOINGS

The late Isaac Chambers, of Brooklyn, who was a fellow printer with B. P. Shillaber in his younger days, is said to have been the original of Mrs. Partington's "Ike". . . . Inazo Nitobe, the Japanese writer, speaks in terms of high appreciation of Dr. William Elliot Griffis' well-known book on Japan, *The Mikado's Empire*, which he says is by far the best American work on the subject. . . . Isaac Henderson is dramatizing his successful novel, *Agatha Page*. . . . The *Paris Figaro* calls Dr. Robert Koch, "the Hunter of the *Bacillus*". . . . Helen Leah Reed's translation of the twenty-ninth ode of Horace, as published in Scribner's, secured for her the Sargent prize offered by Harvard University last year; she had sixteen male competitors for the honor, but easily won the laurels by her most graceful translation of a bit of very difficult Latin verse. . . . Louis Janvier, a Haytian negro, has recently published in Paris a novel which is said to show considerable ability. . . . Patrick Donahue has come into possession again of *The Boston Pilot*, which he lost through personal misfortunes. . . . Some wag recently started the story that Mrs. Stanley is about to write a book entitled "How I Found Stanley," and she is receiving letters from people who think it is true. . . . Walt Whitman is putting the final touches to a volume to be called *Good-By, My Fancy*, containing his "old-age songlets, as a second annex and completion" to *Leaves of Grass*. . . . Eli Perkins has written a book of reminiscences of famous men he has met on his lecturing tours, and just published under the title of *Kings of Platform and Pulpit*. . . . Irene Jerome's name now is Mrs. T. H. Hood, and her home is in the pretty Chicago suburb of Oak Park; her *Old Love Letter* this year is the sixth of her beautifully illustrated books for Lee & Shepard. . . . Miss Helen Gray Cone's paper in *The Century*, on *Women in American Literature*, has been translated into Dutch and published in Holland. . . . Lafcadio Hearn has translated *Cleopatra's Nights and Other Stories*, by Théophile Gautier, for publication by the Worthington's. . . . Captain King's novel, *Between the Lines*, has won high praise from the foremost military authorities in Great Britain; Lord Wolseley, Lord William Beresford and General Fitzwygram, all assert that

"the description in that novel of the cavalry fight at Gettysburg is the most perfect picture of a battle in the English language". . . . An expurgated edition of *David Copperfield* has been published in London for the use of children. . . . In *The North American Review*, Swinburne refers to Victor Hugo as "the greatest writer in the Nineteenth century," and "the greatest poet of an age which has been glorified by the advent of Tennyson, Browning and Leconte de Lisle". . . . Marie Corelli's novel, *Wormwood*, is having an extraordinary success, the first edition having been exhausted in ten days. . . . Mrs. Parkhurst, ex-President of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, in a recent address on *The Work of Some Pacific Coast Writers*, stated that there had been over 12,000 books published by Pacific Coast writers, within the last twenty years; and that eighty-five books had been published by members of the association during the last three years. . . . Henry Norman the writer of excellent syndicated articles of *Oriental Life*, has returned to London from the far East with the MSS. of two books, a volume of Japanese essays and on travels in the Pacific. . . . A modest predecessor of Stanley in African exploration is John F. Ingram, of Durban, Natal, who, when a lad of nineteen, traveled for a syndicate of traders through the dangerous Swaziland, and pushed on across Amatongaland, and the barbarous interior to Egypt, performing this stupendous achievement in eighteen months, and entirely alone, without native carriers or servants; Mr. Ingram, who speaks fourteen African dialects, besides English, French, and German, now edits a newspaper in South Africa. . . . The *Chicago Graphic* says of Arthur Henry's important book on the race problem: "Nicholas Blood is fiction which may become fact, and no book of its kind that has been written in recent years is likely to create so widespread discussion as this little volume." . . . Father Ignatius Ryder, author of *The Catholic Controversy*, is now spoken of as the probable successor of Cardinal Newman. . . . Florence Marryatt, it is said, dresses atrociously; she has a florid complexion and has a special fancy for plush in flaming-red and bright blues. . . . Mrs. Danske Dandridge, whose second volume of poems, *Rose Brake Poems*, has just been published, is a delicate little woman about thirty-five years of age, and the daughter of Henry Bedinga, at one time United States Minister to

Denmark : Mrs. Dandridge's husband, Hon. A. Stephen Dandridge, is a member of the West Virginia legislature. . . . "General" Booth's authorship of *In Darkest England* is now denied, and his scheme of social regeneration is meeting with ridicule and harsh criticism from the English journals. . . . Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, favorably known as a dress reform missionary, is about to write her first novel. . . . Miss Tucker, otherwise A. L. O. E. (*A Lady of England*), and one of the most popular of the English religious writers, is now actively engaged in mission work in a city in Northern India; she is described as a charming old lady, living in a pretty little cottage, and spending the largest part of her days in visiting, praying, and singing with the women of the Zenanas. . . . A New York gentleman says of Henry M. Stanley : "I expected to be frozen by Mr. Stanley's silent reserve; instead of that, I was almost overwhelmed by his voluble egotism." . . . Rider Haggard's brother claims that Rider and himself are descendants of that Gyldenestejerne family Shakespeare mentions in some of his plays. . . . Isabel Garison (Mrs. W. R. Smith), of Montreal, whose reciprocity novel, *Line 45*, has caused some stir among Canadians, is one of the few English speaking Canadians who openly favor the annexation of Canada by the United States. . . . The *London Lancet*, the chief organ of the medical profession, speaking of the American International Copyright Bill, says : "The Americans have long practiced and reduced to a system the craft of literary piracy; the bill is the fetich of protection under a new guise, and no complaint need be made if the gift is accepted by us without any feeling of good will." . . . Harry J. W. Dam, the well-known American journalist, now in London, has written a play, *Diamond Deane*, which is to be produced shortly. . . . Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, is a tall, well-formed woman with pink cheeks and snow-white hair; she is a hard worker, but there is no trace in her pleasant countenance of the worry that sometimes comes from literary work. . . . Herman Melville, author of many famous American sea stories, is now an old man living in retirement in New York. . . . A niece of Count Leo Tolstoi, a daughter of Mme. Kuseminskaya, has transcribed the book *War and Peace* in raised characters for the use of the blind; the book, which is the outcome of two years constant labor, numbers 5,000 pages. . . . The *Boston Transcript* speaks of Songs from

an Attic, by John E. McCann, as "a good collection of mansard lyrics." . . . Ernest Renan, the French religious historian and critic, lives in a modest house that seems almost lost in the woods of Brittany; he is a tall and very stout man, with curious long hair; his welcome is always most hearty, and his face beams with kindness; never a bitter word crosses his lips, and he is greatly beloved by the peasants of his neighborhood. . . . Maria Hildredth Parker, author of *Aunty's Elfin Land*, published by the J. G. Cupples Co., is the widow of Colonel J. M. G. Parker, for many years a prominent citizen of New Orleans, and is the sister-in-law of General B. F. Butler. . . . The *London Spectator* is in ecstasies over the poetry of our American poet, Sidney Lanier; it puts aside all our poets except Lanier and holds that there are "no easily assignable limits to the genius of the man 'who wrote' *The Harlequin of Dreams*; that he is a more original poet than the United States has ever yet produced, more original than any poet whom England has produced during the last thirty years at least". . . . Frederick Harrison says, in the *Forum*: "In matters literary I have but one advice to give; keep out of literature, at least till you feel ready to burst; never write a line except out of a sense of duty, or with any other object save that of getting it off your mind". . . . Edmund Clarence Stedman has completed his work on the laborious *Library of American Literature*, and has turned to preparing his course of eight lectures on poetry, which he is to deliver before Johns Hopkins University, during Lent. . . . A recently published parody on Ward McAllister's book has an amusing preface which begins: "Daily I thank god (sic) that I am a Gentleman and not a man!". . . . Mrs. Elizabeth E. Reed, whose work on *Hindu Literature* has just been issued, has been invited to give an address on "Krishna" before the American Institute of Philosophy; she is only the second woman thus honored. . . . It is proposed to organize in the South an "Association of Southern Writers for mutual strength, profit and acquaintance;" a meeting of all persons interested in the plan is to be held shortly at Nashville. . . . By an error the sketch *Crazed by Solitude* in January issue was published as from *The Chicago Tribune*—it should have been credited to *The Chicago Times*; Mrs. Marsh, the author, is one of the best of the Western sketch writers and her productions appear exclusively in *The Times*. . . . Henry Cabot

Lodge, an example of the American scholar in politics, claims descent, it is understood, from Sebastian Cabot, who discovered the coast line of this continent at the close of the fifteenth century. . . . Alice E. Ives, the author of the much discussed Forum article on *The Domestic Purse Strings*, has taken up her residence in New York; she is a bright little woman, with ideas and opinions of her own about social and political economics; Miss Ives is a Detroitier, and did her first successful work on *The Free Press and The Journal* of that city. . . . Mrs. Lilla Cabot Perry, whose poem, *A Plea for Truth*, appears in the current *Atlantic*, is the author of the volume, *The Heart of the Weed*, which was published anonymously, and has reached a third edition. . . . Duffield Osborne's recent romance, *The Robe of Nessus*, has already gone into a third edition, owing mainly to the large demand from some points in the South; it is also being translated into modern Greek and will be published in the country where the scene of the story is laid. . . . Emile Zola has been paid \$6,000 for the right to publish his new novel, *Money*, in one of the Paris evening papers. . . . Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton's next book will be *Famous English Statesmen* in the series of popular biographical books which have proven so successful. . . . Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent English scientist, has received the first Darwin medal from the Royal Society "for his independent origination of the theory of the origin of species of natural selection". . . . Lucy Larcom, the authoress, is superstitious in that she believes it a bad omen to speak of her future literary work to even her most intimate friends; "If I did," she says, "I should never go on with it". . . . Joel Chandler Harris is engaged on a boy's story of southern life before the war. . . . Lord Lytton, better known to the world of letters as Owen Meredith, is the present British ambassador in Paris; his Sunday morning breakfasts, at which he brings together the greatest literary and diplomatic lights, are the talk of the town. . . . William James, the brilliant writer on psychological subjects, is a brother of Henry James, the novelist, and both are the sons of Henry James, the Swedenborgian essayist. . . . Prof. Blackie, the Grand Old man of Scotland, calls the *London Saturday Review* "the grand platform of all kinds of conceit and impertinence." . . . A new magazine in Canada, called *Wives and Daughters*, is edited by Mrs. John Cameron,

assisted by Miss Wetherald....The Youth's Companion, offers \$1,000 for the best folk-lore story of from 1500 to 3000 words; for the second in merit, \$300; for the third in merit \$200....Edward Atkinson, the American authority on political economy statistics, thinks there are two things needed in these days: "first, for rich men to find out how poor men live, and second, for poor men to know how rich men work"....Mrs. May French Sheldon, an English woman well-known in literary circles as the translator of Flaubert's *Salammbô*, has sailed for Africa; she heads an exploring party of her own, the primary object being the collection of materials for a book....The holiday number of *The Northwestern Miller* is a superb specimen of typography, all matter is original, and the number in all respects is a marvel of trade journalism....Andrew Lang, reviewing the English literature of the past twenty years says: "Among many skilled and able versifiers there has been but one new poet really learned and serious, but not popular, Robert Bridges; his lyrics and sonnets appeal very strongly to myself"....The *Petit Journal*, of Paris, has just begun the publication of a colored weekly supplement, which is printed on a new Marioni cylinder machine capable of printing ten colors at once, including the letter press in black, and turning out ten thousand copies an hour....William Hamilton Gibson, artist and author, whose beautiful work is so well known to the readers of Harper's publications, has consented to take charge of the Department of Illustration and Design in the New York Institute for Artist Artisans, in the early part of the year....The New York Tribune says, in reviewing Oliver Wendell Holmes' latest book: "We cannot consent to regard the termination of *Over the Teacups* as marking the final retirement of Dr. Holmes from literary activity; this book is in itself a proof of his entire robustness of mind; his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated; the American people would not indeed be exigent with so hearty a friend and favorite, but they will hope to hear from him again frequently, and they assuredly will not consent to his superannuation"....Annie Trumbull Slosson has won an enviable reputation as a writer of New England dialect stories; her new book, entitled *Seven Dreamers*, includes some of her best work....In a recent English novel, this description of an American girl is found: "The cold-blooded, cut-throat American girl,

calculating her romance by the yard, booking her flirtations by double-entry, and marrying at compound interest, with the head of a railway president and the heart of an Esquimau." . . . A biography of Thackeray begun by Herman Merivale, and completed by Frank T. Marzials, is to appear in the Great Writers Series; it is said that the authors have had access to certain memorials of Thackeray's earlier life hitherto unpublished. . . . Francis T. Palgrave, of Golden Treasury fame, has just entered upon his second five years' term as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. . . . Adolphe Belot, author of Article 47, The Strangers of Paris, Mlle. Giraud ma Femme, and other successful plays, died recently in Paris; some of his dramatic works were first published as novels. . . . Bramwell Booth is to publish a biography of his mother, under the title, From the Banks of the River; it will largely deal with the inner life of many of the Salvationist leaders. . . . The American Economic Association offers \$500 in prizes for the first and second best essays on the "Housing of the Poor in American Cities," the first prize to be \$300 and the second prize \$200; the essays must not exceed 25,000 words and must be sent to Richard T. Ely, Secretary of the Association, at Baltimore, before November 15, 1891. . . . French literary women have just formed themselves into an association known as the Union des Amies des Lettres; the president of the committee is Madame Vattier d'Ambroyse. . . . Miss Frances Power Cobbe, author of many books, and one of the ablest of literary women, is, at the age of seventy, hard at work as writer and reformer; she is full of health and vigor, which she attributes to her simple diet and regular habits, and gives much time to the Antivivisection Society in London, of which she is president. . . . Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, published recently the first English translation of Claude Tillier's humorous novel, My Uncle Benjamin, which has won its author, by its realistic satire, the title of "the modern Rabelais;" of this romance it was said by Charles Monselet that "it has no equivalent in the literature of this century". . . . George W. Cable, is a man of slender physique and medium stature; his head and eyes are dark, and his high forehead is surmounted with a head of jet black hair; he has a soft, almost feminine voice, and is forty-five years old. . . . Ouida says of Constance Fenimore Woolson's Italian stories: "They give perfect pictures of the Italy one sees

in—Italian opera in Manchester? . . . Dr. W. Clarke Robinson, professor of English literature in Kenyon College, Ohio, has been authorized by Prof. Ten Brink to translate from the German his standard history of English literature; the translation is already in part in the hands of Prof. Ten Brink for revision. . . . Gladstone calls Andrew Carnegie "this great, but not Godless, Cyclops," and speaks highly of his new book; *The Gospel of Wealth*. . . . William Allen Butler, author of the famous poem, *Nothing to Wear*, does not write many poems nowadays, but he recently contributed to *Harper's Weekly*, a long poem descriptive of the Oberammergau Passion Play. . . . Educational Review is a new high class review edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia College; each number will contain signed articles on current educational topics, critical notes, and discussion, and editorial comment. . . . In the recent poetry prize contest in *Once a Week* the result of the voting was as follows: The most Dramatic poem?—*The Ride from Ghent to Aix* (Browning). The most Humorous poem?—*John Gilpin's Ride* (Cowper). The most Pathetic poem?—*The Bridge of Sighs* (Hood). The most Romantic poem?—*Lochinvar* (Scott). The most Popular Quotation in poetry, of not more than two lines?—"Where ignorance is bliss 'Tis folly to be wise" (Gray). The noblest Male character in poetry?—*Sir Galahad* (Tennyson). The most Lovable Female character in poetry?—*Evangeline* (Longfellow). The most Musical line in poetry?—"O wild West wind, thou breath of autumn's being" (Shelley). The most Beautiful Simile in poetry?—"She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies" (Byron). The most Beautiful Poem of all?—*Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* (Gray).

See Book List on front advertising pages.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.